



THE

Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 20 April 1960

HOW TO LOOK OUT OF WATER

—or, rather, how not to



WHO'S WHO IN CHARITY

A BOY FROM POLAND

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than usual. And much, much
Rosier. So, take the plunge next
time: add a dash of Rose's and
see what a difference it makes to
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^{*} *Gin, vodka, rum, these three. Should you add Rose's
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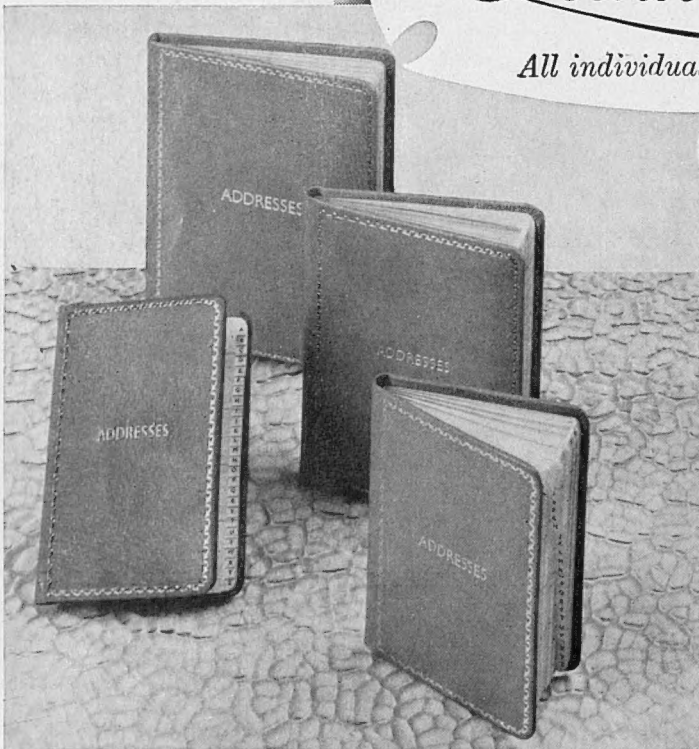
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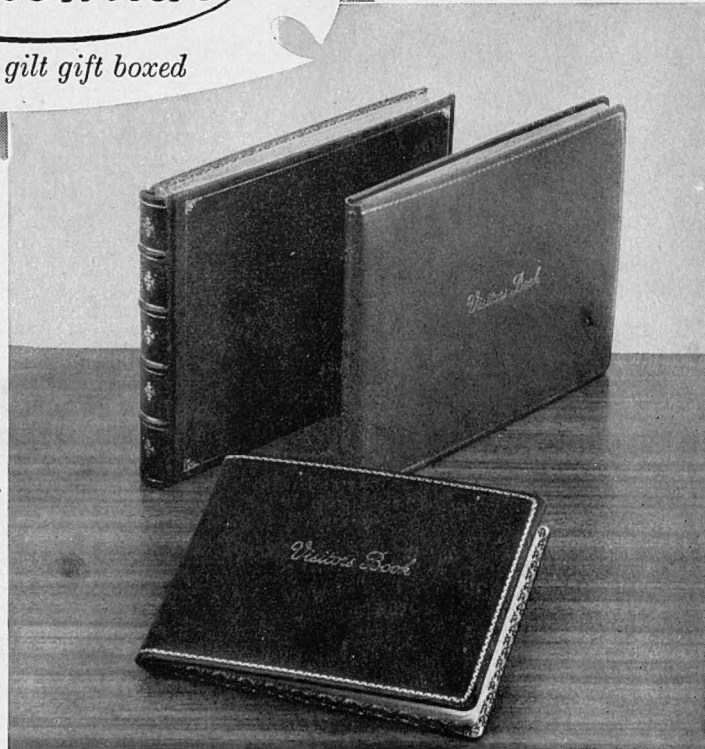
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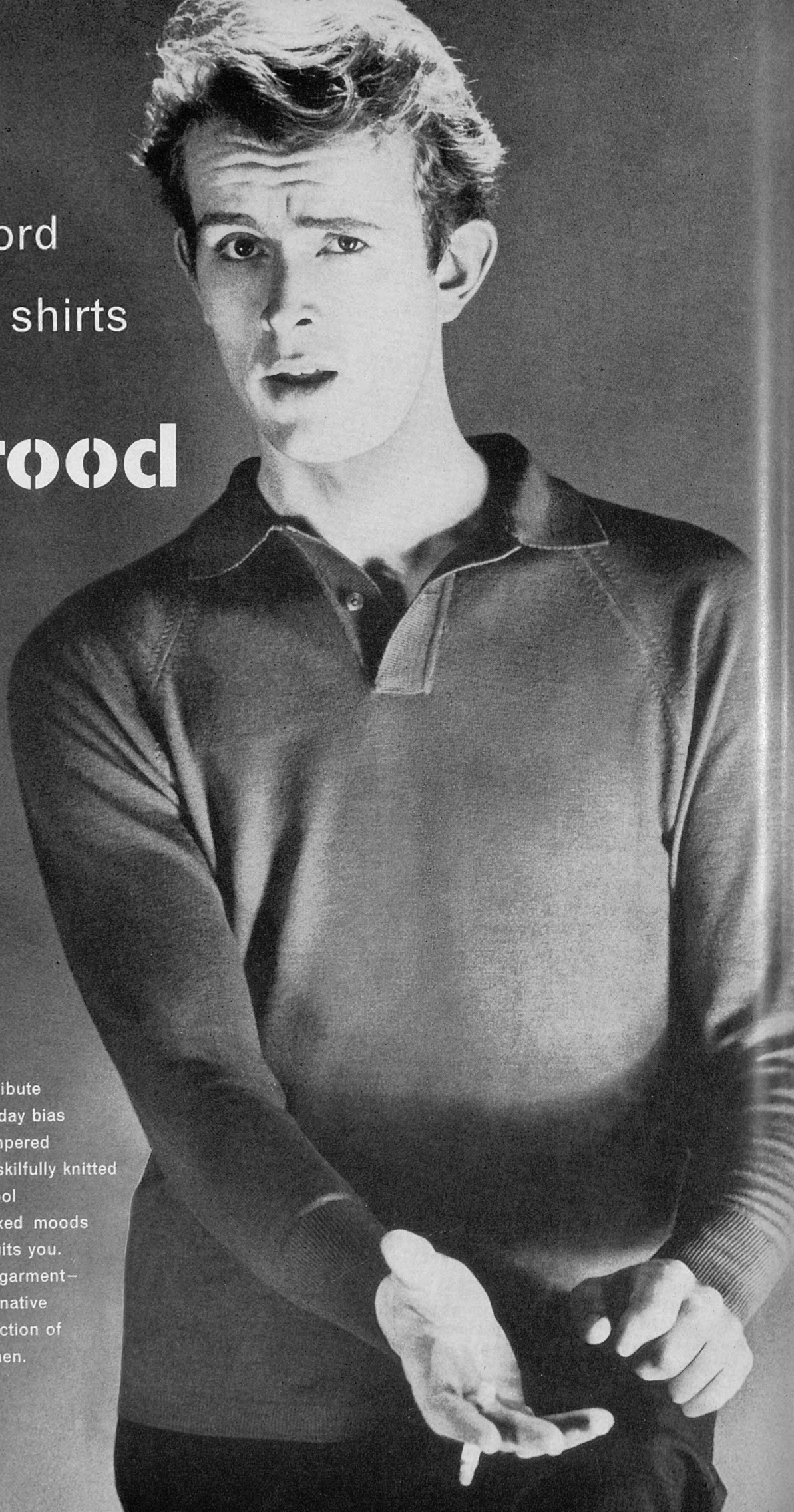
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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXVI Number 3060

20 APRIL 1960

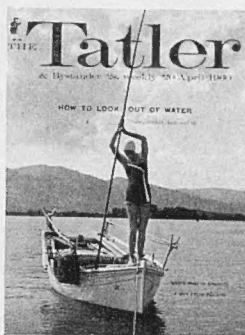
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THE BOOM IN GOOD WORKS



Trident fishing off the Peloponnese in an elasticized suit with a slenderizing line of white. Photographed by Michel Molinare. The swimsuit: Jantzen's "Halcyon" (at Simpson's; W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; Dormand Stewart's, Middlesbrough: £3 19s. 6d.). Kleinert's white diving skull-cap. See page 159 for the cover feature, How to look out of water . . .

NOT ONLY the poor are always with us; so are the charitable. And organized charity, as Ronald Blythe observes in this issue, is expanding just when organized religion is declining. This year sees the most spectacular feat of charity yet, the World Refugee Year—an international appeal that ropes in both governments and people on every continent. This is the background to *The Non-Stop Collection*, in which Anthea Sieveking photographs some of the leading names in British charity and Ronald Blythe describes how a £200,000,000 windfall may soon be available for spending (page 145). Incidentally, Mr. Blythe's novel *A treasonable growth* comes out next month. A case history of one beneficiary is contributed by Roger Mayne, who has photographed *A Boy From Poland* in his new British home (page 149). . . .

Another aspect of good works is *The Changing Pattern of Patronage* (page 167). The unlikeliest people—oil companies and Labour councils—are taking over from the disappearing private patron and putting the artist to work. Richard Findlater describes the change and Gerti Deutsch's photographs show some of the art and the artists involved. . . .

On the social side, President de Gaulle's visit has been the centre of the week's parties and receptions and Muriel Bowen writes about what she saw of them (page 153). She arrived in England within a few minutes of the general—she had just been paying a flying visit to Moscow, forearmed by an interview with the Ambassador and his wife, Sir Patrick & Lady Reilly. Lady Reilly turns out to have ideas of décor that would be nothing short of revolutionary in Her Majesty's embassies. . . . But on the beach, of course, the thing to be is in the swim, and the fashion pages show what to look for when buying for this summer. *How to look out of water* (or, rather, how not to) was photographed by Michel Molinare (page 159). . . . Counter Spy keeps in step with a display of beach gear (page 165), and Elizabeth Williamson's Good Looks has some hints interim (page 166)

Next week: Paris under the English influence. . . .

Next month: A ROYAL WEDDING SOUVENIR NUMBER of The Tatler will be published on 11 May, the Wednesday after the Abbey ceremony. Special articles and colour features about Princess Margaret and her fiancé will be included as well as pictures of the wedding and the guests. Demand for this number is already heavy, and to ensure a copy readers should order now from W. H. Smith & Sons, Wyman's or their local newsagent.

Concert PANTO CIRCUS ICE SHOW BALLET JAZZ JEMA MUSIC

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL EVENTS

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House. Private view 29 April.

Spring Ball, Mapledurham House, Oxon, 29 April, in aid of World Refugee Year. Tickets: £2 10s. from E. F. Brook, Lloyds Bank House, Caversham, Reading.

Diamond Jubilee Ball, Crofton Grange, Buntingford, Herts, 29 April. Tickets: £1 15s. from Mrs. J. B. Spark, 12 Coleherne Court, S.W.5.

Spring Dance, Compleat Angler Hotel, Marlow, 29 April, in aid of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing. Tickets: £1 10s. from

Mrs. R. W. Wallace, Whiteoaks, Cannon Hill, Bray, Berks.

Hertfordshire Hunt Spring Ball, Ashridge House, 29 April. Tickets: 3 gns. from Mrs. W. F. Hartog, The Grove, Ivinghoe Aston, Beds.

Old Berkeley Hunt Ball, Halton House, Wendover, 22 April.

SPORT

Racing: Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 2,000 Guineas, 27 April, 1,000 Guineas, 29 April.

Golf: English Amateur Championship, Hunstanton, 25-30 April.

Tennis: Hard Court Championships of Great Britain, Bournemouth, 25-30 April.

Motor Racing: "200" International Meeting, Aintree, 30 April.

Badminton Horse Trials, 21-23 April. (Also exhibition in the Orangery by the Guild of Gloucestershire Craftsmen.)

Ascot Show (Dressage), 28 April.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Balabile, La Fête Etrange, Le Baiser de la Fée*, 7.30 p.m., 21 April; *Les Rendezvous, Giselle*, 7.30 p.m., 23 April. (cov. 1066.)

Royal Festival Hall: Music of the 20th-Century, "Primavera," with the London Philharmonic Orchestra in Stravinsky's *Rite Of Spring*, & Britten's *Spring Symphony*, 8 p.m., 26 April. (WAT 3191.)

ART

Giambattista Tiepolo (drawings and etchings), Victoria & Albert Museum, S.W.7.

Original Etchings & Lithographs by Modern Artists, Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., W.C.2.

FAIRS & FESTIVALS

Pitlochry Drama Festival, Perthshire (to 1 October). Revival of Hawtrey's *The Private Secretary*, 23 April; world première of *Between The Tides* by Ben van Eysselsteijn, 30 April.

Shakespeare's Birthday Celebrations, Stratford-on-Avon, 23 April.

FIRST NIGHTS

Coliseum. *The Most Happy Fella*, 21 April.

Lyric, Hammersmith. *New Cranks*, 26 April.

Royal Court Theatre. *Rhinoceros*, 28 April.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 173.

Flower Drum Song. "... the songs and tunes, with one or two exceptions, undistinguished ... flatly drawn, formal characters." Yau Shan Tung, Yama Saki, Tim Herbert. (Palace Theatre, GER 6834.)

The Gazebo. "... a comedy-thriller likely to please many playgoers..." Ian Carmichael, Moira Lister. (Savoy Theatre, TEM 8888.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 175.

The Last Angry Man. "... a poor but dedicated doctor who has practised for a lifetime in a Brooklyn slum ... the *schmalz* is laid on with a shovel." Paul Muni, Luther Adler. (Columbia, REG. 5414.)

Once More, With Feeling! "... Kay Kendall's wit, her elegance and her delicious dottiness are joyous..." Kay Kendall, Yul Brynner. (Leicester Square Theatre, WHI 5252.)

Beaches of Tuscany

by DOONE BEAL

THOUGH English visitors flock by the thousand to the Italian coastal towns just south of Genoa (Santa Margherita, Rapallo, Portofino) and also, near Naples, to Amalfi, the coast of Tuscany between La Spezia and Orbetello is comparatively neglected by them.

But this coast is beloved by the Italians themselves. There are numbers of *villa* and *pensione* communities, base and backbone of family holidays for people from Rome, Florence and Milan. Marino di Grosseto and Castiglioncello rival the Adriatic resorts as being particularly good for children and families, because the bathing is safe, the beaches are enormous and the accommodation inexpensive. Marino di Grosseto is set in pine trees, with miles of flat sand and some hotels as well as the villas which can be hired for about £30 a month and are large enough to sleep eight people.

Farther north, Castiglioncello is slightly more urban and sophisticated. It is built on a pine-clad promontory, overlooking a small, pretty harbour and includes also a

sizeable beach cradled and sheltered by rocky cliffs. It is a civilized little place, with plenty of cafés, restaurants and concerts and a night club or two. If you are prepared to go well and truly "family" with no night life compensations, try the nearby smaller resort of Queriencello which has no more than a cluster of villas and *pensioni*. The beach is pebbled but the swimming is good. It is pretty, quiet and unspoiled. One can live there, in a comfortable *pensione*, for as little as 30s. a day.

So much for *bambini*, buckets and spades. For unencumbered seekers of harbourside life, café dining, and swimming from the rocks, I made a recent discovery which, though not unknown, is by no means yet a household word. The peninsula of Argentario juts out on a narrow road between the salt flats just south of Grosseto, and blossoms into a rugged and beautiful little notch of land. It has only two simple fishing ports—Porto Ercole and Porto San Stefano. The second is the bigger of the two and, while not yet



Castiglioncello, overlooking the harbour

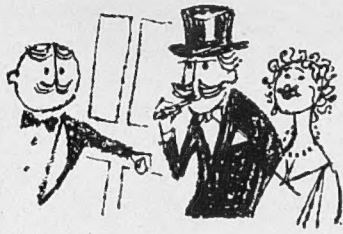
as sophisticated as Portofino, it is going along in that direction. Much of it has been rebuilt since the war, but traditionally, the houses are tall, hillside-clinging, pastel-coloured. Most of the *trattoria* remain family concerns, with some dear, shawl-slung old grandmother vigilantly totting up the bills in a corner. The hotels are clean, modest and comfortable. The Pace and the Wongher are two of the nicest. Away from either of the two ports, on the west coast, is a new, isolated hotel, the Club Torre de Calapiccola. It has a main villa and a series of comfortable cottages, plus a private beach, with bar, beach huts, sailing and rowing boats, and I hear the most excellent reports of it.

A *corniche* road winds round nearly the whole of the coast, through wild rosemary and little pine trees, and comes pretty well to a stop at L'Argenterola, beyond Porto San Stefano. From here, one can only walk down a narrow path that winds between the olive trees to the rocks below. I would not look forward to climbing back up it but this is the price one pays for perfect swimming in deep blue water. A terrace café operates down there in summer, and it is also celebrated for its underwater fishing. All in all, it is a long time since I have seen anything as attractive and unspoiled as this little peninsula. The island of Giglio lies just off the coast, and boats leave San Stefano daily for it in summer. The Maraceno is the newest of the hotels there, and the Pergola the best—indeed, celebrated—for food.

Rather in a class by itself, inasmuch as it belongs neither in the family beach nor the simple fishing-port category, is a new and luxurious hotel at Bibbona, about half-way up the Tuscan coast, called the Marinetta. It is in a beautiful private plantation, with about a mile of its own beach. Its prices are *luxé* for the area—about £2 17s. a day, full pension—but I would think it is excellent value.

The charm of the Tuscan coast is heavily reinforced by the glory of the inland towns: Massa Maritima and Volterra are quite an easy day trip from the Argentario peninsula. Grosseto, some five miles inland from the same spot, is a not unattractive little town, and boasts a notable restaurant. Bastiani, Siena, Florence and Pisa are all within comparatively easy reach.

The main Rome-Pisa railway runs down the whole of the coast, so that all the places I have mentioned are easily accessible if one flies to either Pisa or Rome. If you want to make inquiries about hiring a villa at Marina di Grosseto, write to Ente Provinciale per il Turismo, Viale Ximenes, Grosseto. For Castiglioncello and Queriandello, to the same offices at Piazza Cavour 6, Livorno.



WHERE TO EAT

by JOHN BAKER WHITE

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Savoy Grill, W.C.2. (TEM 4343.) The words "Savoy Grill at One" have the same magic in the 60s as they had in the 30s. Its popularity the world over remains undimmed with people who know that its food, wines and service are unvaryingly first class. But any restaurant, however good, must have personality to attain an international reputation, and this is provided by Luigi, aided by Pelosi and other old friends. *W.B.*

White City Stadium Restaurant. (SHE 5544.) Thursday and Saturday evenings only. Good food, fine wines and first-class greyhound racing, all together at reasonable cost. If you feel like a flutter the Tote is at your elbow (first race 7.30 p.m.). In charge of the spacious kitchens is a pupil of the great Escoffier; and the service is excellent. Booking essential.

The Guinea and the Piggy, 20 Leicester Square. (TRA 4910.) C.S. This restaurant starts business at 6 p.m. and stays open until 1 a.m. Having paid one guinea at the door you are free to help yourself from a wide range of well-cooked hot and cold dishes attractively arranged on a long buffet. You can pass on to the *pâtisserie*, of high quality, and the cheeseboard. Only drinks are extra. It would also be a useful lunchtime place for hard-pressed business executives, being open from 12.30 p.m. with a 10s. 6d. and 21s. choice. *W.B.*

The Westbury, New Bond Street, W.1. (MAY 7755.) Restaurant open every day (including pre-theatre meals at 6.30 p.m.) Grillroom C.S. Both the restaurant and grillroom provide first-class cooking, supervised by the renowned chef Marius Dutrey. The menus recognize that while nearly half the residents of this hotel are American, they want high quality English and Continental cooking when they are in London. The Westbury, too, is well situated for the new business quarter developing round Berkeley Square. Both restaurant and grillroom have first-class cold tables. *W.B.*

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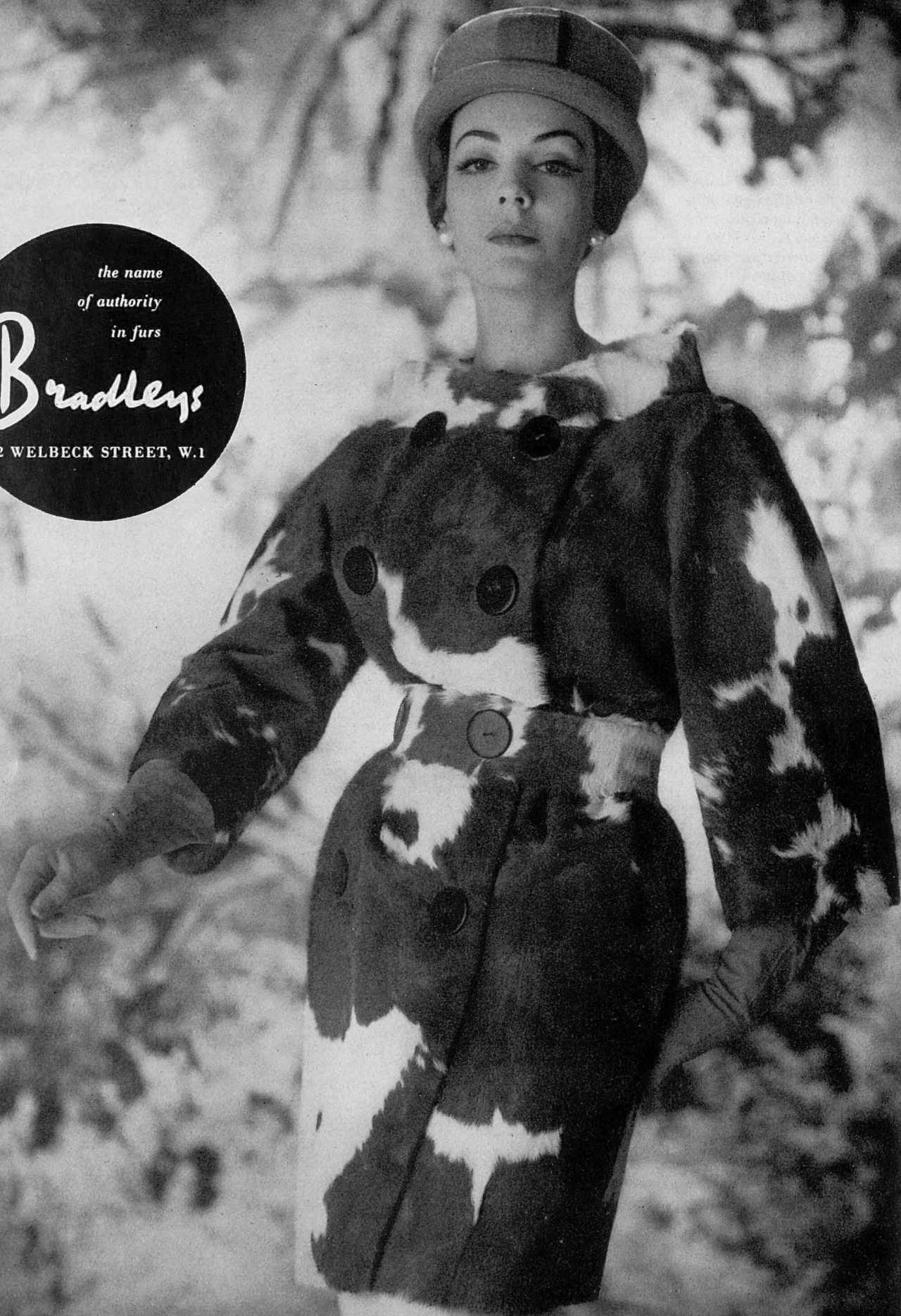
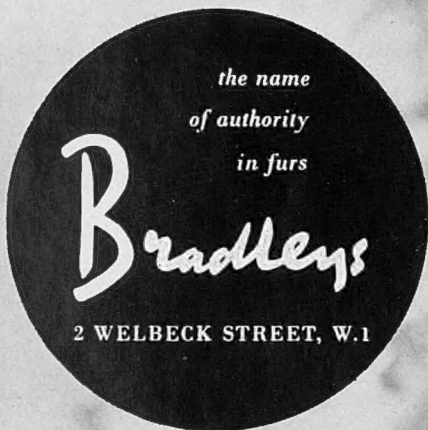
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Don't wait for ageing lines and wrinkles to appear; start using this essential beauty formula today! YOUTHIFYING EYE CREAM softens, soothes and gently smooths. It's the ideal insurance policy against the formation of ageing crow's feet, 8/9. For firming and tightening, treat the delicate skin around your eyes with ANTI-WRINKLE LOTION—gentle but very effective. Refreshing, too, 16/6.

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THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER

20 APRIL 1960

The **NON-STOP** **COLLECTION**

a survey of modern charity

Lord Nathan becomes an historic figure in the world of charity with his radical report on the law and charitable trusts. He is chairman of the British Empire Cancer Campaign, and Crown Appointee on the General Medical Council

WRITTEN BY RONALD BLYTHE & PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHEA SIEVEKING

WE ARE a charitable nation. Charity with us, it seems, is much connected with our conception of good breeding, and has been these thousand years. The bequests and injunctions which smother the memorials in our family chapels present an impression of benevolence so overwhelming that the unsophisticated might be forgiven for believing that England has been governed by generations of minevered saints. A display of charity, it seems, was once as essential to a gentleman as a display of arms. Erasmus, that urbane and un-foolable visitor, was appalled by the way everybody in England insisted on scrawling their name, rank and holiness on tombstones and remarked caustically, "Ambition, not charity . . ."

Whatever the motives, the scale of the accumulated hand-outs has been uncovered by Lord Nathan's Report on the Law Relating to Charitable Trusts. The repeal of Mortmain and the doctrine of Cy-près, which the report recommends, is expected to release

an amount in the region of £200,000,000, not to mention an at present incalculable quantity of land.

No one has ever had the temerity to defy the Mortmain—it means "dead hand"—and Cy-près laws before, possibly for similar reasons to those governing the opening of Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb, and medievalists everywhere will be watching Lord Nathan's future with the greatest interest. For when a 15th-century Lady Bountiful leaves strict instructions in her will that "*a silver penny shall be given to five honest widows of this parish on Our Lady's day for ever*" she certainly has no inkling that her bequest may be quashed after a mere half-millennium—and Hell hath no fury like a foundress scorned. There will be a dreadful rustling in the crypts of England this summer as the dead hands of benefactors are prised from their legacies.

Not only will an enormous sum of money be freed to help the living rather than to

perpetuate the names of the dead, but 110,000 charitable trusts will be made to work again—many of them for the first time in their ancient existences. For, as the secretary of a great modern charity has pointed out, it is the duty of trusts to live dangerously.

This, though, is only part of a complete change in attitudes to charity. There used to be the extraordinary idea that you had to deserve charity in order to receive it—something quite foreign to the teachings of Christ, Mohammed and the Buddha, who each showed charity to the most dreadfully undeserving people. Such beliefs, as Lord Nathan says, in the introduction of his Report, froze the impulse of natural pity. The enigma of the 20th century is that it has combined the maximum of carnage with the greatest understanding of human nature. Our politics lag behind our civilization—something which politics have a habit of doing and which is why civilizations die.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Mrs. Madge Clarke is a professional organizer.
For 25 years she has been running charity dances, dinners, first nights and galas. People she plans for include the National Playing Fields Association, the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund and the Limbless Ex-Servicemen



THE NON-STOP COLLECTION *continued*

The age of Buchenwald is also the age of Freud and its contribution to the ever-shifting demands of charity is to have made us aware of the variety of human experience.

A glance at the mechanics of charity today reveals a staggeringly efficient money-making empire which many a City company might envy. Charity today is as far removed from the self-conscious benefactions of the squirearchy as the crossbow is from the Blue Streak. It is big business and employs some of the best brains in the country. The kindly amateur and the well-meaning bossy organizer have given place to professional money-raisers with offices, secretaries and wall-graphs. To get a job in "charities" requires high qualifications coupled with a vocational sense of an unusual kind. And charity itself has come to mean anything from Alcoholics Anonymous to Cancer Research, to the Reverend Chad Varah's "Telephone Samaritans," a discreet affair to help those who suspect they have reached the end of their tether. (Mr. Varah was only just dissuaded from calling his admirable charity "Suicides Suspended.")

Ways of getting money for charity have changed drastically. Flag days are on the decline, much to the relief of the police,

though Alexandra Rosé Day and Poppy Day are likely to remain, as they have become national institutions. The moral impulse and social obligation that once made individual donors subscribe generously is now felt keenly by industry. Vast sums are given every year by many besides the Nuffield and Gulbenkian charities, and the older Carnegie Trust.

There is also a whole range of new devices. At one end is the covenant gift, a sort of charity-by-instalments system which has the advantage of avoiding tax. At the other are the social settings like the charity fashion show, the midnight matinée or one of those racing parties which give away a tithe of what they win on the tote at Newmarket, which can be a very extreme form of charity if one is a confirmed punter. Such novelties, with their lower administration costs, are becoming a distinct challenge to the older-established charity ball.

The paradox of the age is that ordinary kindness and extraordinary moral concern are booming as spiritual values slump. We have cut away the immortality of Christ's teaching and are practising its ethic of neighbourliness as it has never been practised

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 148



Mrs. Basil Lindsay-Fynn shares her interest in charity work with her husband, a chartered accountant. She appeals on behalf of old people, sailors, life-boats and young explorers. He works for the Victoria League and is on hospital boards



Elizabeth Countess of Bandon tries to help young people just starting their adult lives or people who need support as they grow old. She usually raises funds with dances, but has also put on a play and once organized a West End art show by inhabitants of her Berkshire village (the proceeds of which bought a guide dog for the blind). She thinks the word "charity" is a hindrance, and says that almost everyone is concerned with helping someone else much of the time

THE NON-STOP COLLECTION *continued*

Mr. Alan Sanderson is a full-time charity administrator.

Until recently assistant director of the Nuffield Foundation, he is now secretary of the U.K. & British Commonwealth Branch of the Gulbenkian Foundation. This branch (the Foundation has its headquarters in Portugal) supports education, the arts and social welfare



before. Only now is a secularized society beginning to appreciate what charity meant to St. Paul—loving and understanding and tolerating one's neighbour to the uttermost, not just giving him an almshouse and a wheaten loaf every Candlemass on condition that he and his successors pray for our soul for ever.

But despite these great advances in our thought for the misery of others, there is still the scandal of our stingy approach to the refugee problem. History will show that a prosperous world allowed thousands of innocent people to exist in extreme wretched-

THESE NAMES RAISE MONEY . . .

THE HON. MRS. RODNEY BERRY (*Displaced Persons, British Sailors*)

LORD BOSSOM (*Imperial Cancer Research, Royal Hospital for Incurables, Welfare of Cripples*)

LADY DALRYMPLE-CHAMPNEYS (*Royal Alexander & Albert Schools, many other charities connected with education, children, illness or old people*)

MISS ZIA FOXWELL (*ball committees of Rose Ball, Pied Piper Ball, and England Ball*)

LORD & LADY HARDING OF PETHERTON (*between them, Displaced Persons, Lord Roberts Workshops, boys' clubs, Polio Research*)

LADY HEALD (*District Nursing, Marie Curie Fund, boys' clubs, United Charities*)

JUDITH COUNTESS OF LISTOWEL (*Polio Research, Greater London Fund for the Blind*)

THE MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN (*Greater London Fund for the Blind, boys' clubs*)

MRS. RONALD BOWES-LYON (*United Nations Association boys' clubs*)

LADY NORTON (*Alexandra Rose Day, N.S.P.C.C., Incurables, Lord Roberts Workshops, Lifeboats, Darby & Joan clubs—she runs one herself in Soho*)

MRS. WARREN PEARL (*N.S.P.C.C., World Community Chest, Sailors, United Charities, Marie Curie*)

THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND (*Displaced Persons, N.S.P.C.C., United Charities*)

MISS ALLEGRA KENT-TAYLOR (*refugees, and ball committees, e.g. Rose Ball, Red Hat Ball*)

MRS. JOHN WARD (*N.S.P.C.C. and its junior branch, the League of Pity*)

ness for 15 years before doing something about it. And this is where the individual charity worker can prove that he is still greatly needed, for had we not had our meanness exposed by right-thinking people like Mrs. Cheshire the refugee camps would have continued to fester for years to come. The response to World Refugee Year, both here and abroad, has been brilliant and the most charitable thing left for us all to do is to see that this tardy gift is spent as soon as possible. Lady Bountiful need never give up. Charity will always be a fashionable virtue.



The Hon. Angus Ogilvy, a director of City companies, who has done work for various charitable organizations, now concentrates on the Friends of the Poor and Gentlefolks Help. He is deputy chairman and honorary treasurer



From the collecting to the receiving end, a case history of

A BOY FROM POLAND

Mr. Thomas Frankland is director (part-time) of the Lord Mayor of London's National Appeal for Youth, which in two years raised £100,000 for youth clubs. A company director, he is also director of the Abbeyfield Society, which finds homes for old people



HIS MOTHER is Polish and so was his father, now dead. That makes him Polish too, yet strictly the boy is not from Poland. He is one of a generation who have still to set foot in the land of their fathers. Stranded by the upheavals of war and cold war, he was born in exile and has lived all his ten years on foreign soil. His mother was taken for forced labour and it was in Germany that she met and married his father and bore their son Richard Kubaczewski. There were also two brothers. And so from one refugee camp to the next this Polish family kept alive, and made, and remade its own bare corner of Poland.

The change came in Richard's life one day last autumn. An English couple had for years been sending his mother parcels, and a correspondence (with each letter referred to a translator) had developed. Then came news that the mother was ill and a younger brother had gone to stay with a family in Belgium. The English couple thereupon offered to bring up Richard for five years with their own two children. And so the boy awoke at dawn that autumn day in a refugee camp in Bavaria and found himself a few hours later at a grand luncheon in London. It was at the Savoy and after helpings of smoked salmon and roast beef he was introduced to the illustrious company as an example of the people whom the Adoption Committee for Aid to Displaced Persons seeks to help. The proceedings were conducted by Mr. Wynford Vaughan Thomas, and though the boy could hardly follow them he more than matched expectations. Guided to the top table, he bowed nicely to the guest of honour, the Duke of Gloucester, who shook hands with him.

That same afternoon he had his first English high tea with his new foster parents. He was taken down to Bromley where they live in a council house on a new estate, and though they had no language in common they soon managed with signs. How he has settled down since is portrayed in the next pages. . . .



Mealtime at school



Lessons—and a lapse in concentration

The first thing that seems to have impressed people who met Richard on his arrival was that he behaved much better than they had expected. A few thought that it could not last, but they were wrong. Richard is now more relaxed, but just as polite as on the first day. His good manners, so unlike what might be expected from a victim of a camp, have made it easier for his foster parents, Mr. & Mrs. Ronald Nielsen, to come to an understanding with him, and already he has become a member of the family. He is now one of their boys who always run off to the football ground on the other side of the street, one of their three children (they also have a daughter) playing in the evening between the bird cage and the television set of the drawing-room. His face is more square and his vocabulary is not yet as large as theirs—but in five months he has learnt more English than he ever did German. He goes to school and is entirely absorbed in the pattern of life that will be his for the next five years. After that? Richard's mother did not want to discuss any final solution before his 15th birthday, and British laws are strictly against the adoption of foreign children. The A.C.A.D.P., which acted as intermediary in arranging Richard's move to England, seeks only to move refugees from camps into flats outside, to provide them with furniture and the tools which they may need to earn a decent living (it has the reputation of being one of the most efficient voluntary organizations working among refugees in Germany). This was also the Niensens' purpose. As Mrs. Nielsen put it: "We hoped that it would help the mother and the other two boys to leave the camp too."



An international language—football



Mr. Nielsen is a freelance cartoonist



Out shopping with Mrs. Nielsen and Ian



Now they are three: Ian (ten), Christine (eight), and Richard



A taste you don't often get in a camp



After a scrub in the sink, ready for bed

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER MAYNE



Desmond O'Neill

On leave from Moscow

From the window of their new house in the village of Ramsden, Sir Patrick & Lady Reilly look out at the Oxfordshire countryside. They were photographed during a short leave from Moscow, where Sir Patrick is Ambassador. Lady Reilly stayed behind a couple of weeks to watch the builders' progress and they hope to be able to move in on a later leave this year. The Reillys are both keen tennis-players and like ski-ing at their diplomatic dacha outside Moscow in winter. Their elder daughter, Jane, who is at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, doing P.P.E., often stays with them in Moscow, and Sarah, 18, is still at school

Glitter and de Gaulle

BY MURIEL BOWEN

LONDON'S welcome for President & Mme. de Gaulle was the most glittering that anybody could recall for a foreign head of state. Flowers, flowers everywhere—25,000 shell-pink carnations alone at Covent Garden for the Royal Gala. The clothes, too, stood out at the various functions—they were far and away prettier than usual.

As the carriage procession swung away from Victoria I watched the General, to whom London and its people mean more than he perhaps would care to admit. In the intervening years he has developed a certain gringiness. A fellow countryman has described him as "long and cold like an English winter," but on the carriage ride to the Palace he chattered warmly with The Queen. Now and then his face lit up as he recognized and pointed to a familiar building. To the President, who appreciates splendour, the Buckingham Palace banquet must have been memorable. The crystal chandeliers shone on the diamonds in the women's hair. The gold platters and regiments were set off by spring flowers.

When General de Gaulle last went to the Palace it was to lunch with the late King during the war. They ate in a small dining-room, unheated (because of fuel cuts) and helped themselves to rationed morsels from the sideboard. Now he was seeing England in its traditional prosperity. The Queen, whose dress of primrose-yellow satin was embroidered in crystal and topaz, had assembled an array of outstanding guests.

Sir Winston & Lady Churchill were there, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Geoffrey Fisher) & Mrs. Fisher, the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan and Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, & Mrs. Gaitskell. The Queen also remembered those friends of France who are easily forgotten nowadays, Sir Anthony Eden who came with his wife, and Lady Diana Cooper.

Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones was attending his first big royal occasion at the Palace. Many people have wondered where protocol places him. He sat next to the Hon. Lady Hylton-Foster, wife of the Speaker of the House of Commons.

The evening ended with fireworks, and



The General joined the Queen on the Palace balcony to watch the fireworks

judging by the conversation I heard when mingling in the crowds along the Mall there is no doubt that they provided for Londoners the greatest spectacle of this state visit. There were the parasols and witch balls in red, white and blue repeated as if to emphasize the Entente Cordiale. And then an exciting climax consisting of two torrents of silver fire falling in a sparkling Niagara.

Next day the President & Mme. de Gaulle went to a reception in his honour given by the Franco-British Society and the Alliance Française. Lord & Lady Harvey of Tasburgh greeted them on arrival—he's chairman of the Franco-British Society. It was the most moving part of the visit. There were guests in wheelchairs—people who had been befriended by the President's countrymen when they parachuted into France—and there were the French in London, some of whom just could not keep the tears back.

Climax of the visit was the performance of the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden. The President & Mme. de Gaulle (she was wearing a simple moss-green velvet dress) with the Queen and Prince Philip watched from a specially constructed royal box. It was decorated with parma violet, flower-embossed silk. There were hundreds of tiaras. The Marchioness of Salisbury had a

magnificent one of large diamonds. Others wearing them were Viscountess Hailsham, Mme. Gunnar Hägglof, Lady (Norman) Brook, Lady Evans, and Lady Carrington—a striking figure in bright scarlet satin.

But it wasn't only the women who were dressed up. A gentleman in the diplomatic seats wore a white tunic with brown pyjamatype irregular stripes, a golden hat, and a bright orange ribbon across his chest. When he left he put on a cape of white silk nylon. The Prime Minister came with Lady Churchill (who, with her daughter Mrs. Christopher Soames, wore more decorations than any other woman present). Lady Dorothy Macmillan was in family mourning because of the death of her mother, the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire.

The visit was an astonishing success, and President de Gaulle, who hears his share of grumbles among his own people, must have been delighted by the warm affection for France and the man who leads her.

WEEKENDING IN MOSCOW

Before I flew to Moscow I went to see the British Ambassador and his wife, Sir Patrick & Lady Reilly, who were over here at the time, staying at the family's new house in Oxfordshire. Lady Reilly's husband is cousin



B.E.A.

The kilt and the Kremlin: Lady Douglas of Kirtleside with two pipers of the Scots Guards in Red Square

of Mr. Paul Reilly, new director of the Council of Industrial Design, so I was not surprised to hear that she has advanced taste in furnishing. "I'm afraid I haven't always seen eye to eye with the Ministry of Works," she told me. "They have had visions of my creating the more awful type of dentists' waiting-room!"

But instead of the hideous imitations of period furniture to be seen in some of our embassies Lady Reilly (with the aid of her cousin-in-law) has introduced the very best in modern British furnishings. She has been most enterprising in decorating their flat in the Embassy and also her husband's study. When I got there and saw it for myself I particularly liked the study with brown carpeting, and orangey-red upholstery alternated with chairs of vivid yellow. The walls have a white paper with a lime-green leaf.

I think Lady Reilly has started something that will be taken up by other diplomatic wives. There's the usual conference table and chairs, but also a conference set-up of curved (to make conversation easier) settees where I'm told Sir Patrick invites Soviet diplomats to sit. Two other Moscow embassies have since sent to Britain for some of their furnishings, and I hear the new ideas have not gone unnoticed by Russian wives whom Sir Patrick and his wife have entertained. Furniture-making has never been a craft in Russia, and the foreign embassies have to import theirs, usually from Scandinavia.

But what Moscow lacks in taste it makes up in vitality. My weekend there was brimful of excitement. I went as a guest of Lord Douglas of Kirtleside (British European Airways chairman) on a visit for which the hospitable Russians had prepared with exhausting thoroughness. Our morning call as we approached Moscow was *Scotland the Brave* played round 6 a.m. by Pipe-Major R. Crabb and Sergt. R. Kilgour of the 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards, and the Moscow Airport authorities welcomed us with a forest of television lights. (TV aerials, I

noticed, are almost as numerous in some parts of Moscow as they are in London.) The British and American guests responded by wearing Russian hats—the white Macmillan ones for women, the dark, more traditional Russian hats for the men. As everybody had managed to conceal their furry concoctions so far on the journey there were looks of anguish, rather than amusement, at discovering that everybody else had had the same idea.

General Y. F. Loginov of Aeroflot (the Russian civil air fleet, which shares the Moscow-London run with B.E.A.) was our host for breakfast at the airport. Czechoslovakian crystal glistened on three long tables. To drink there was the inevitable vodka, and white and red wines, and Gen. Loginov soon set the tone with: "Drain your glasses so no sorrows may remain." To eat there were great platters of slit bridge rolls, each one with a build-up of smoked salmon, caviare, and chopped egg. Four speeches later, more food: ham and eggs came in little stainless-steel baking pans. There was tea, strong as the Irish make it, toast, and butter shaped into fluted leaves and dolled up with red caviare.

It was to be the best meal we had in Russia, where food, even in the best hotels, has two glaring faults. It's cold before it reaches the table and the meat is terribly tough. . . .

I asked Mr. Graham Greene who was with us, and who has been to Moscow four times previously, how he found the place. "If you wish me to be profound," he said, "I would say there's a tremendous improvement in the way the girls do their hair. They all looked much better than last time I was here."

There were queues at the Kremlin, as there always are on a Saturday afternoon. We looked up at the maze of gilded, bulbous domes, and walked through the shell of ornate and frescoed churches where nobles once worshipped—and everywhere we were

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 156

Sir George & Lady Bull had some friends in at their riverside home in Hammersmith . . . Boat Race party



Mr. Francis Buckley, who is a stockbroker, and Mr. Eliot Hodgkin



Mrs. Tom Page, Sir Ronald Howe, a former deputy-commissioner of the C.I.D., and Mr. John Walter



Mr. Felix Fenston, Rear-Admiral W. G. S. Tighe (behind), Mrs. Compton Carr, wife of the M.P., Sir George Bull, Bt., Mme. Prunier and Mr. Roger Chilly, of the British Transport Commission

PHOTOGRAPHS: ALAN VINES



Mr. Geoffrey Eley, director of the Bank of England, with an American guest



Viscount Hailsham listens to his wife . . .



. . . but not for long . . .



. . . Still, it was funny

Watching from the balcony? (from left at front). Mr. R. Chitty, Mr. M. Gilmour, Mme. Prunier & Mrs. R. Newman, Mr. M. Davenport, Rear-Admiral Tighe, Mr. F. Fenston, Mrs. Tighe, Lady Hailsham, Lord Hailsham & Mrs. M. Liddell

Mrs. Christopher Filmer-Sankey, with Mrs. Evan Williams, who had five entries in the trials



Brig. Bryan Fowler, joint-Master of the Meath Hunt, with Lord & Lady HolmPatrick, who were on the trials committee



All-Ireland Hunter Trials



Above: The Marchioness of Waterford on her horse Happy. Left: Sir Ian MacLennan, the new British Ambassador to Ireland

PHOTOS: CHARLES FENNELL

beckoned through the queues of waiting Muscovites. "They know foreigners can only come for a few days so they don't mind at all," explained a guide.

The queues at the Kremlin are part of Mr. Khrushchev's changes. In Stalin's time the place was closely guarded, as Stalin partly lived there. Only since his death have the people been allowed behind the great red castellated walls. Mr. K. has also cut down on the banqueting. The enormous war-time junkets are out, and it's rare now to be invited to dine in the Kremlin. The Catherine the Great dining-room is seldom used, but when it is the knowing diplomats watch the guests with amusement. There are always about five courses of hors d'oeuvres before the main dish.

Mr. K's more usual form of entertaining—and that only occasionally—is to have a reception in the white marble Georgian Hall, with its early 18th-century paintings. Across part of the room is a buffer of sturdy tables, and the single break in this is manned

by two commissionaires. They sort the sheep from the goats. It is probably Mr. K's private joke, but some opposite numbers of our Cabinet are usually put among the goats.

Sunday morning in Moscow is bleak. You can shop, and there's TV in hotel bedrooms—but there's no reading the day's news across a leisurely breakfast. Even in the great Intourist hotels, designed to attract visiting foreigners, you cannot buy a single publication from outside Russia, except the Communist-inspired ones. I went to the "Roman" Catholic Church (it is not in communion with Rome), a fine yellow and white building in a poor quarter of the town. The crowd, mostly elderly, spilled over on to the steps, but then the Intourist guides told us that all 55 churches in Moscow are packed on Sundays.

I thought the luxury of the Bolshoi Theatre Ballet eclipsed everything at Covent Garden. We sat through a performance of *Fountain of Bakchisarai*, in which the décor, the music, and the dancing was a kaleido-

scope of brilliance that I shall remember longer than any other experience in Moscow. There was a full audience of Russians—scientists, doctors, civil servants, engineers, bus drivers and their wives, plus a number of teenagers and those in their early 20s. These had been given their tickets as a reward for their industrial output.

The new Comet service was toasted at a party in the gold-and-white drawing-room of the British Embassy, where Sir Patrick Reilly was host to a party of Russians, English and Americans. "We're very hopeful of the future of the service," Lord Douglas told me. "We're expecting to transport 25,000 Americans and 10,000 British passengers to Moscow this year." Because of the difference in the time he told me that it will be possible for the Americans to leave Moscow after an early breakfast and after changing planes in London get to New York for a latish lunch. To encourage more travel the Russians are offering eight days in Moscow for £92, including the Comet trip.

BRIGGS by Graham





Mr. Mark Dunn and Miss Diana Stoneham. The ball attracted polo players and supporters from many clubs

Ham Polo Club's Ball

Held at the Hurlingham Club, it was attended by nearly twice as many people as last year



Major Christopher Philipson (centre), who is in the Life Guards, at the tombola



Mr. Jeremy Barber (of Rhinefield) and Miss Sarah Fletcher

Miss Peggy Walsh, who is one of the few British women polo players



Major Archie David, president of the Ham Polo Club, and Mrs. David



Mrs. Ronald Ferguson, whose husband is in the Household Cavalry and plays polo for Windsor, and Capt. D. Clegg



There's gold in that thar bog . . .

LORD KILBRACKEN

SOME time ago, I discovered by accident that I owned 300 acres I hadn't previously known about. The discovery didn't look like doing me any good, because the land turned out to be bogland—at Corrawallen, seven miles from Killegar. Turf (in England known as peat) is the only possible commercial product of a bog in Ireland, and I learnt that my great-great-grandfather, for reasons unexplained (and probably for a song), had sold the turbary in the bog about 100 years ago. Turbary is the right to dig turf, and dozens of local farmers had this privilege on my newly-found land, but I myself hadn't. To me, the land was valueless.

Or so I at first assumed. And then someone suggested to me, with an almost straight face, that there might be Americans—probably Irish-Americans—who would like a stake, however small, in the Ould Sod. It was pointed out that if I sold Corrawallen Bog in small parcels, at a nickel a square yard exclusive of turbary, it would fetch a little matter of \$72,600. And that, as the saying goes, ain't hay. I took the suggestion no more seriously than it was intended—though Americans, as is well-known, will buy just about anything if it's well enough advertised. My experience has now proved this.

I wrote a purely humorous article—titled, simply, *Bog For Sale*—in which I jokingly made the proposition: one square yard of Ireland for five American cents. Soon after the article was published in *The New Yorker*, letters began to reach me from unexpected places: from Bronxville, from Chappaqua, from Brooklyn and Jersey City. They were from people with names like MacMahon and O'Sullivan, and each enclosed a nickel—which, I'd better mention, is worth about 4½d.—and asked for one square yard.

This was hardly a good way of getting rich quick, because it would take 1,452,000 separate applicants to get rid of the whole bog in lots of a square yard, and I doubted if there would be so many, even from America. Moreover, it cost me at least two

nickels to acknowledge receipt of the purchase money, which I felt obliged to do in each case. Thus I was running rapidly into debt. However, a few days later, I received my first "quarter"—enough for five square yards—from some millionaire in Manhattan, and was able, for the first time, to show a profit on the transaction.

During the following weeks, a dribble of coins kept coming in—nickels, dimes, quarters—and, on one occasion, even a dollar bill. (Inevitably, it came from Texas; I threw in an extra square yard, making 21, for luck.) After two or three months, the dribble dried up; I'd sold, as far as I remember, 73 square yards for \$3.60, which I thought was rather good, even though my expenses, in stamps and stationery, came to about the same. Eventually I almost forgot about it, though I was half-expecting that a Cadillac would appear one day at Killegar, bearing an American visitor come to claim his own. Then, after six months, a cheque arrived from Chicago. It was for 25 dollars.

A formal, typewritten letter accompanied it, requesting me to deduct whatever legal expenses I might incur, and to apply the balance to the purchase of as many square yards of bogland as it might cover, and to send a Title Deed made out in the joint names of Mr. — and Miss —. Twenty-five dollars is nearly nine pounds, so I thought I'd better give my Chicagoan value for his money.

First I got to work on the bill of costs, which I modelled on a solicitor's (of which I have wide experience). It began:

	£	s.	d.
To perusing your letter	3	4	
To perusing same more carefully	6	8	
To taking counsel's opinion thereon	2	2	0
To drafting and typing reply	6	8	
To erasing errors and retyping same	3	4	

In this way, I managed to get my costs up to nearly half the purchase money, which I thought would seem authentic.

The balance was sufficient to buy 283

square yards, and I made out a very formal Deed, beginning "*Know All Men By These Presents*," and containing plenty of heretofores and aforesaid. I stamped it, affixed my seal, and signed it in the presence of two witnesses—fictional, I regret to say. And, incidentally, I added 17 square yards as a "luckpenny" ("*in accordance with a Tradition which prevails in these Parts*," as I stated in the Deed), bringing the total area purchased to a nice round figure.

I know there is a tendency in the States to try to go one better than your friend or neighbour, but I must admit I was surprised when I received another application a few weeks later, this time from Detroit, enclosing a cheque for 50 dollars. Nothing in the accompanying letter definitely associated the writer with my preceding applicant, but it was couched in similar terms, and I felt certain that the first had inspired the second. I couldn't get my costs much above \$15, so that the Deed, in this case, was for no fewer than 700 square yards of "*my Bog at Corrawallen, commonly known as Corrawallen Bog*," inclusive of luckpenny but exclusive of turbary.

I was rather hoping by now that the thing would snowball, and that I would receive successive cheques for \$100, \$200, \$500, as buyers vied for the privilege of being the principal foreign landowner in Corrawallen—or the principal shareholder in Corrawallen Bog Inc., as it very well might have become. Unfortunately, there seems to be a limit to the ease with which even Irish Americans can be parted from their money. The urge to own my bogland dried up as unexpectedly as it began, and I've had no more applications.

Still, I doubt if there are any other stretches of barren Leitrim bogland that can show such a handsome return, especially if you include the fee I received for the original article. It only goes to show how deep-rooted is the longing for land—or perhaps that even an obscure advertisement pays better than none at all.

HOW TO LOOK OUT OF WATER

*—or, rather,
how not to*

Swimsuits were invented for swimming in, but nobody notices a girl when she's immersed. The thing is: Does it suit her out of water? Or does she look out-of-water in it? For a flattering fit standing up in the surf it's hard to go far wrong in the lightweight, elasticized, quick-drying Trulo all-in-one shown here. It is made of Helanca stretch'nylon in shades of royal blue and white, the bodice is boned for wearing with or without straps and a white panel forms a half-skirt in front. Price: £4 2s. 6d. at Robinson & Cleaver, W.1; Beatties, Wolverhampton; Finnigans, Wilmslow. Matching blue petal rubber hat by Kleinerts

PHOTOGRAPHS: MICHEL MOLINARE

For water ski-ing two suits that are sleek and functional. The white elasticized model (*left*) has an all-over pattern of blue arabesques and wide-set shoulder straps to hold the suit firmly in place. Marina del Mar's *Seaspray* (7 gns.) is at Harvey Nichols, London; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Marshall & Snelgrove, Leeds. The companion suit, printed with an all-over Paisley design in blue, brown and yellow, has shoulder straps that button on to the suit, a half-skirt in front and foam rubber bra cups to give a firm well-supported bust-line. Caprice's *Odette* (8½ gns.) is at Harrods, London; Doris Floyd, Birmingham; Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester. Rubber caps by Kleinert.





A dead white suit flatters a golden tan. This businesslike all-in-one model, appliquéd with embroidered strawberries, has detachable shoulder straps, a boned bodice and a front half-skirt. Fantastic Foundations' *Capella* (£4 9s. 6d.) is at the Army & Navy Stores, S.W.1; Cripps, Liverpool; Marjorie Michael, Paignton. Multi-colour flowered rubber cap by Kleinerts



For the girl who can get away with it—and few can—a bikini in red and white cotton. The bra is shaped with foam rubber and the neck strap is removable for sun bathing. Caprice's *Columbine* (£2 9s. 6d.) is at Harrods, London; Doris Floyd, Birmingham; Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester. The matching red and white petalled rubber cap is made by Kleinerts.

HOW TO LOOK OUT OF WATER *continued*



HOW TO LOOK OUT OF WATER *continued*

Left: A two-piece for the girl with a slender midriff. It is made in a gay cotton printed in green and orange and has detachable shoulder straps. Fantasie Foundations' *Gemini* (£2 15s.), Army & Navy Stores; Cripps, Liverpool; Marjorie Michael, Paignton



Emilio Pucci of Florence designed the three-piece beach ensemble (*left and above*) of frilled pants, bra and shirt. He also designed the cotton, printed in shades of mauve and scarlet on white, from which it is made and the matching mauve cotton pull-on hat worn with it. All at Woolland's, Knightsbridge, the bikini costs 6 gns., and the shirt, £7 19s. 6d.

Opposite: Quick-drying, lightweight cottons are increasingly popular for swimwear. This cotton satin sarong, printed with a floral design in blue, purple, green and yellow, has detachable shoulder straps, an elasticized back. Jantzen's *Anemone Cast-away* (£4 14s. 6d.) is at Simpson's, W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; William Harvey, Guildford



HOW TO LOOK OUT OF WATER *continued*



Cotton is hard to fault, in or out of water. The beach girl looks gay in a suit of sugar-pink cotton polka-dotted with white. There is a strong elasticized back to the torso line and a frilled skirt springs from the hips. The bodice is well-boned and the straps tie around the neck. Martin White's *Dawn* (49s. 6d.) is at Gamage's, London, Bainbridge, Newcastle, and from Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester

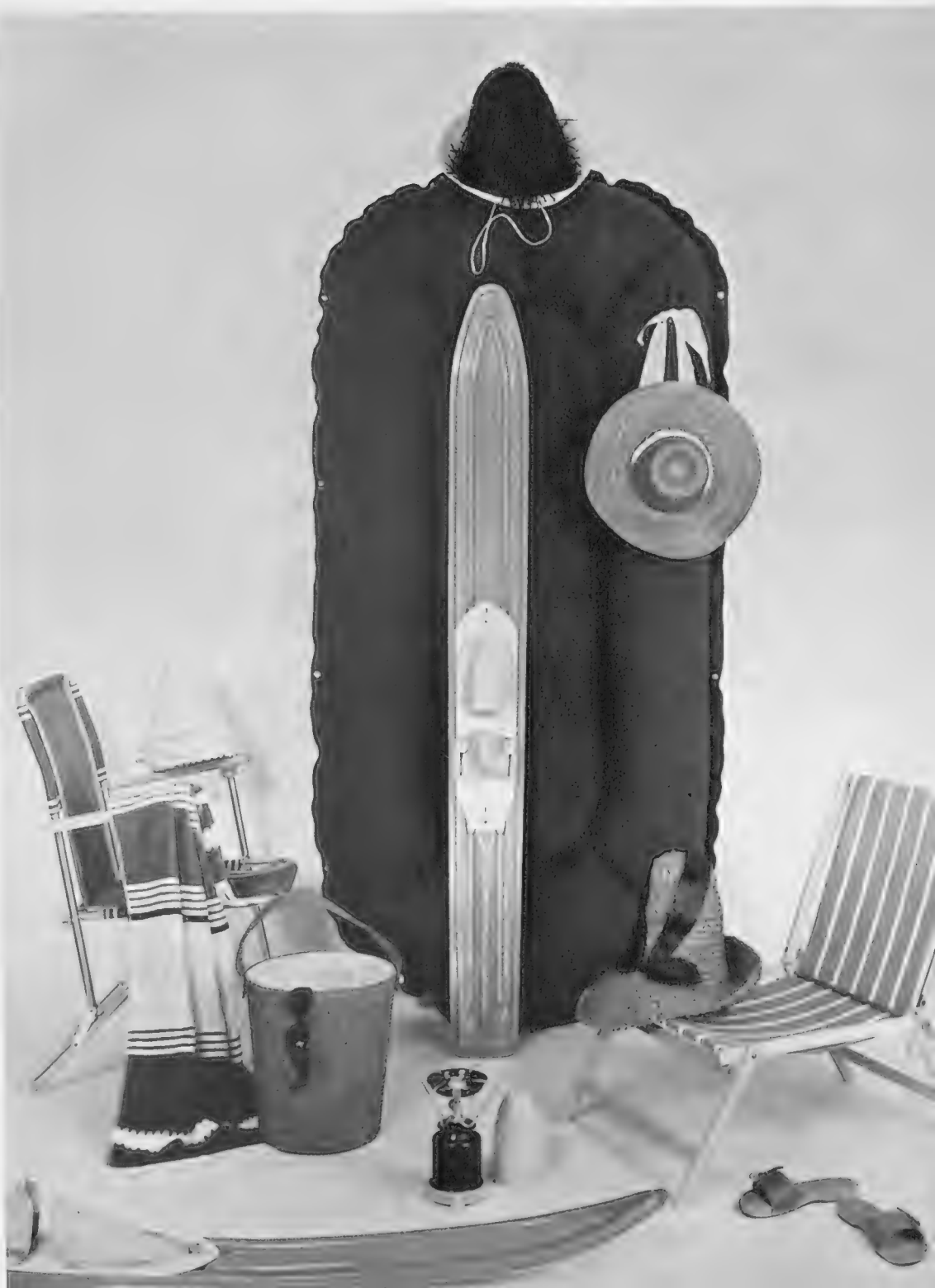
Tan stripes on a white suit make a clever foil for a sun-burned blonde and the working of the pattern has a slimming effect as well. This elasticized suit has a boned bodice and detachable shoulder straps. Marina del Mar's *Regatta* (6 gns.) is obtainable at Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1 and Birmingham, and Kendal Milne, Manchester



COUNTER SPY

goes beachcombing

OUT OF WATER OR ON IT YOU'LL BE NEEDING THE accessories alongside for successful beachmanship. Centrepiece is the rubberized canvas canoe (£6 9s. 6d. from Pindisports, Holborn, in bright blue, inflated to a comfortable softness and capable of holding two adults or three children. Perched on top is a zany Italian hat in natural straw with black raffia swirling around its tall crown (25s. from Harvey Nichols Little Shop which also stocks the rough white straw high-crowned medieval-style hat (15s.) and the shiny red wide-brimmed straw trimmed with navy blue raffia (1 g. shown *(left and right)* on the chairs. Pillarbox water skis in moulded fibreglass (15 gns. the pair) are specially designed at Lillywhite and recommended for beginners onwards. Colours also available are blue and white and the bindings are of white rubber. The pale turquoise straw cowgirl hat (27s. 6d.), which ties under the chin with white organdie, and the matching straw bucket bag (57s. 6d.) lined with washable plastic, are at Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1; Griffiths, Chester, and also available in other colours. On the bucket beach bag the fashionable square-rimmed glasses (43s. 6d.) with frames and wide tapered arms of tortoiseshell give extra protection from glare. They are from an exciting collection of sunglasses at Woolland's. The light folding beach chairs come from Peter Jones. The chair with arms (*left*) has a metal frame covered with marine blue canvas bordered with white stripes (3 gns.) also in other colours. The second chair is low and comfortable with a bleached wooden frame and back and seat of pale blue and white striped canvas (1 gn.) also in other striped and plain coloured canvases. Christy make the new striped beach towel (*on chair left*) of soft and absorbent towelling, in brilliant multi-coloured stripes with fringed ends, in two sizes (19s. 11d. & 13s. 6d.). Obtainable at Bourne & Hollingsworth, W.1; Bentalls, Kingston; E. P. Rose, Bedford. For beach cooking the Super Bleuett Stove (56s. 6d. complete) is fanned to heat by a gas-filled cartridge (2s. 11d. each) which screws into the base. The flame will stand up to a near-gale. Its arms fold closely into the burner and the tin tray is removable so that the pale blue bombhead covers it up for easy packing. The plastic stand is detachable too. By the Pneumatic Tent Company at Pindisports. Wooden-soled sandals (49s. 11d.) shaped to the foot, with brown leather straps. Obtainable at Saxone, 297 & 502 Oxford Street or mail order at 297 Oxford Street.



A new swimsuit deserves a tan



Sheila Bridgland

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

You can't really enjoy the beach if you have to spend the first 10 days of your holiday getting brown. The new way to take the sun is in your own home, in your own time. *Recipe:* one sun lamp plus a box of pills that helps the skin to tan quickly and surely without burning. Illustrated is a *Riviera* lamp, plus goggles, that costs 17 gns. complete from Harrods. *Vilasun* tablets cost 5s. 6d. for a two-week supply. For those who can't be bothered with sun lamp sessions, dosing themselves with the pills during a holiday will speed tanning. Or there is Revlon's *Sun Bath* lotion (on sale 16 May) in two types: one for normal, one for sensitive skins. It's non-greasy, so sand won't cling to it, and it cuts out burning rays and also moisturizes. Costs 10s. 6d. for normal, 11s. 6d. for sensitive skins. For the kind of skin that goes golden without much outside help, pure almond oil is enough for protection.

It is good for feeding a dry skin too.

Hair needs protection on the beach because salt water, wind and sun all dry it. *Shining Look* by L'Oreal will restore shine to dried-up hair. The two versions of wigery illustrated on the right will also hide hair that needs a new coiffure. The first (*top*) springs from a stretchy white bandeau; the second has a towelling mob cap that grows from a face-framing front piece (this is roomy enough to hide hair set in rollers). Both were dreamed up by French of London. Robert Fielding of Regent Street is also making gay raffia plaited wigs this year for around 35s. You can have these dyed to match swimsuit colour.

Also good for setting hair—spray while you pin up—and for keeping your set in place is *Hi-Styler* by Steiner (12s. 9d.).

Pack a supply of rollers—away from your hairdresser it's a boon to be able to rinse hair

after a salt-water ducking and roll it up. If you just can't cope, Robert Fielding of Regent Street has a world-wide link-up with hairdressers abroad and will give you a name—or even cable details of rinses and styles to cut out language difficulties.

Make-up needs to be kept at a minimum on the beach. One bright lipstick, with perhaps the golden bloom of the new *Silk Film* compressed cream foundation by Helena Rubinstein in *Heart of Gold*. Plus matching *Silk* face powder for after-dark (current packaging of *Silk Film* carries a free sample of *Silk* face powder). To forestall swelling or aching feet wear Dr. Scholl's beechwood exercise sandals regularly before you go. They're specially designed to work foot muscles (48s.). Legs need to be well groomed for exposure. An electric shaver like the *Miss Swiss* (£4 15s.) can be plugged in anywhere with an adaptor kit (9s. 6d.).



Modern patronage is a committee business. Here, with Big Ben glimpsed behind, a London County Council arts group confers in County Hall. Under the leadership of Sir Isaac Hayward (left) the L.C.C. has become a major employer of artists for decorating its housing schemes, schools and parks



The changing pattern of **PATRONAGE**

by Richard Findlater

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERTI DEUTSCH

The bounty of the rich no longer buttresses artists against starvation. Gone are the days when the stately homes of England (or so the legend runs) were always good for a portion of patronage. Today survivors in the Big House can't afford to play Big Daddy to English culture (many are too busy scrabbling for half-crowns in the open season and tarding up the place for tourists in the winter). But gold is trickling into artists' hands, in a slowly increasing flow, from new patrons in a radically different mould.

They include county education officers, TV tycoons and university dons. They usually sit in committee. And the money they disgorge

continued on page 169





ELIZABETH FRANK had paid to her what advanced sculptors may regard as the ultimate tribute. Her *Blind Beggar*, a £1,000 piece she made on the L.C.C.'s commission for a Bethnal Green market place, was defaced by indignant ratepayers within hours of unveiling

The changing pattern of **PATRONAGE** continued

THE COUNCIL'S VIEW: The L.C.C.'s patronage produces for council estate residents lively touches of decoration, like this experiment in coloured concrete to brighten a passage (right). This was done by George Mitchell, an artistic consultant to the council



JOHN MCCARTHY examines an aluminium section of a chandelier he designed for P & O's new liner, *Canberra*. It represents exploding nebula. He also did the chandeliers for the Queen's Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue

GEOFFREY CLARKE (opposite, in black) stands against a background of his 1,000 sq. ft. aluminium casting, which dominates the entrance of the new Castrol House in Euston Road. The mural, consisting of plates bolted to the wall, symbolizes the story of lubrication

—for a theatre here or a statue there—is never their own. It's mostly public lolly—from the Treasury or the rates—on which our artists now depend. And, not surprisingly, the main channels are controlled in London—at the Arts Council's headquarters in a corner of St. James's Square, and in the South Bank stronghold of the London County Council.

Though in 1960 there is still far too little cash coming down the pipeline, these doles are helping to change the look of the land and the patterns of leisure. Specifically, they are helping to give work to painters, musicians, sculptors, writers and actors.

Take the case of Arnold Wesker, now recognized as one of Britain's top talents in the contemporary drama. Desperately hard-up and ignored by the commercial stage, he depended on state aid—in the shape of a £300 bursary from the Arts Council—to write *Roots*. For its first production he depended on a state-subsidized company in a playhouse built by a city council—the Belgrade Theatre, which cost Coventry about £270,000. And *Roots* was presented in London by a management that would collapse tomorrow without its Arts Council grant—the English Stage Company.

Or take the case of F. E. McWilliam, one of the country's leading sculptors. Among his main patrons have been a hospital in Londonderry, a technical college in Shrewsbury, the L.C.C. (which has shown his work in its influential open-air exhibitions), and the Arts Council (whose steadily growing collection of contemporary art includes two McWilliams).

Musicians, too, get a fillip from public funds. Without subsidy, nobody in Britain would ever see a live symphony orchestra in

CONCLUDED OVERLEAF

action. Fifty-three local authorities help to keep the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra going. Eighty towns and villages contribute to the Scottish National Orchestra. And the Arts Council foots the major part of the bill. Cranko and Ashton, Fonteyn and Beriosova—all of them need the Treasury to stop the nation's ballet-go-round from closing. It's only by courtesy of the Government (with some help from the L.C.C.) that opera is still on view at all at Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells. For though both theatres might be packed every night of the year, they would still have to shut down if it weren't for the new paymasters of the arts.

Production costs have soared so far beyond box-office revenue that the old-fashioned laws of supply and demand just don't apply any longer in the arts of the opportunity state. That's why I think it's important that the L.C.C. should spend even more than its

The changing pattern of **PATRONAGE** *continued*



WILLY SOUKOP, Viennese sculptor, who often works at Leicestershire County Council's schools, has made a suggestion that should cause rapture among artists: bronzes instead of silver cups as school trophies. 'He produced the example on the tall pedestal for this purpose

present £20,000 a year (with around 30 works currently on commission) on encouraging the visual arts. . . .

that local authorities should spend on the arts more than 3 per cent of the £9,000,000 which *could* be raised under the Local Government Act of 1948. . . .

that the Arts Council—which has just been given a small boost by the Government—should receive at least double its current subsidy of around £1,500,000 for all the arts in Britain . . . and

that patrons from industry and commerce, in increasing numbers, should emerge (as they are indeed doing) as fairly godmothers.

Back in the days when everyone expected the arts to pay for themselves or go bust, who would have thought that Shakespeare would ever come to rely—and at the Old Vic—on subsidies from a brewery, a television network and a chain-store empire? Nowadays artists have found unexpected allies in the football pools (John Moores), catering (Charles Forte, and Lyons), the universities (Nuffield College and St. Anne's) and power (English Electric, Thorn and Shell). Theatres like the Royal Court are buttressed by Schweppes, Oxo, and Marks & Spencers. The National Youth Orchestra is supported by a national newspaper, the *Daily Mirror*. And England's poets hope that Guinness will be good for them, in the shape of one of the annual awards handed out by Lord Moyne, himself a poet under the trade name of Bryan Guinness!

But it seems to be generally agreed that there is something of an artistic revival afoot in Britain now. So perhaps the new patrons should not be abused for their niggardliness or insensitivity—at least no more than the old ones were.





F. E. MCWILLIAM tries to relate his compositions to the buildings for which they are intended. His well-known *Princess Macha* is elongated because the North West Hospital in Londonderry, where it stands, has piers which are the "dominant feature of the façade. Hence the vertical aspiration of the figure"

BERNARD MEADOWS (left) devised the bird form to express the human tragedy, finding that his human figures too closely followed those of Henry Moore, for whom he long worked. One of his birds (top) now adorns the new bookshop of Bumpus in Baker Street. Thinks co-operation with architects is liable to lead to artistic compromise



HANS TISDALL is a painter whose work includes a ceiling for Totnes town hall, a tapestry for Plymouth's council chamber, and two tapestries for English Electric's London offices. His design for a John Lewis competition is on the easel



BARBARA JONES chats to Sir Colin Anderson, artistically minded director of the Orient Line, for whom she executed several commissions. The bar of the Orsova, where they were photographed, has a trompe l'oeil and paintings of hers. Sir Colin believes in giving much of the decorating work on his ships to artists of standing

The changing pattern of **PATRONAGE**
concluded

HUMPHREY SPENDER has taken to experimenting with mosaics in glass. An example is seen with him at Pilkington Bros., where he made two panels. A painter, he has also designed rugs for shipping lines





VERDICTS

- The play** **Go Back For Murder.** Duchess Theatre. (Laurence Hardy, Ann Firbank, Margot Boyd.)
- The films** **The League of Gentlemen.** Director Basil Dearden. (Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick, Roger Livesey, Richard Attenborough.)
- Toby Tyler.** Director Charles Barton. (Kevin Corcoran, Henry Calvin, Gene Sheldon.)
- Lunch On The Grass.** Director Jean Renoir. (Paul Meurisse, Catherine Rouvel, Ingrid Nordine.)
- Peeping Tom.** Director Michael Powell. (Carl Boehm, Moira Shearer, Anna Massey.)
- books** **The Truth About A Publisher,** by Sir Stanley Unwin (Allen & Unwin, 25s.)
- The Passionate Sightseer,** by Bernard Berenson (Thames & Hudson, 35s.)

The Crack Of Dawn, by Peter de Polnay (Hollis & Carter, 18s.)

The Sniper In The Heart, by Monica Stirling (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.)

- The records** **Cue For Saxophone,** by Billy Strayhorn.
- Trombone Four-In-Hand,** by Dicky Wells.
- Reeds That Matter,** by Young, Quinichette & others.
- Open House,** by Lionel Hampton.
- In The Upper Room,** by Mahalia Jackson.
- The galleries** **The First 50 Years** (C.A.S. jubilee exhibition), Tate.
- The Epstein Collection of Primitive & Exotic Sculpture.** Arts Council.
- West Coast Hard Edge.** Institute of Contemporary Arts.



A thriller on flat feet

THE NEW AGATHA CHRISTIE AT THE Duchess is not likely to make new fans for her, but then she hardly needs more than she already has at beck and call. Most of these can be trusted to receive **Go Back For Murder** as a fresh treat. They are, after all, a special kind of playgoer. They come to each of her plays in much the same spirit as another kind of addict comes morning by morning to his favourite newspaper crossword puzzle. Occasional lapses from fairness leaves his habitual confidence unshaken, and it takes a lot more than the shortcomings of Miss Christie's latest whodunit to shake her settled hold on her following.

Looking at the piece with detachment, it would seem that the shortcomings can be accounted for in several simple ways. Miss

Christie has tried to vary the familiar police investigation of suspects brought on to the carpet, one by one or in selected groups, wherever the murder has been done. To this end she puts the murder some 16 years back in time and dispenses with the policeman.

Well and good; but she seems not to have perceived that by thus boldly varying the routine, she was committed to a not less bold alternative in the customary style of her dialogue. Talk as between the policeman and his suspects need be no more than workmanlike, a series of statements or mis-statements of fact with a little primitive humour in the way of light relief. The same talk is apt to seem colourless and to fall flat when used by the daughter of a convicted murderess trying to ascertain from

those who knew her mother long ago whether she was indeed the sort of woman to drop poison into her husband's iced beer as he sat happily painting on the lawn one summer afternoon.

All those whom she interrogates need a rather richer vocabulary if they are to let their various reactions to the convicted murderess gradually make a mystery of her character. All we get are the crudest pointers. The rich businessman obviously disliked the woman. The weak, rather smarmy owner of the adjacent estate, whose hobby has always been the brewing of possibly dangerous lethal concoctions, was obviously in love with her. A sister causes a permanent scar on her face to remind her of her elder sister's ill temper in nursery days. The old governess clearly hated the man who was poisoned. And the woman who has since married money and a title has vivid memories of a marriage that was full of quarrels and of a wife whose temper was violent. And when all these pointers as to character have been duly collected the time comes for Miss Christie to bring her famous ingenuity into action.

She arranges for the daughter to succeed in persuading all the people she has questioned to reconstruct on the scene of the crime events as their memories recall them, with

herself playing the part of her mother.

The argument rests on the young woman's conviction that the things people choose to forget may be even more significant than the things they choose to remember. So it turns out; but the solution, though I confess it took me by surprise, is not, I still feel, one of Miss Christie's most inspired. It depends on character rather than on the sudden manipulation of circumstance, and the truth is that the characterization is not strong enough to bear the weight of a really convincing dénouement.

An even simpler way of accounting for the shortcomings of the piece is to say that Miss Christie requires too many scenes in which to tell her story which is inclined, especially in the first half, to lose momentum. And a yet simpler way would be to admit that the acting is in general as painfully utilitarian as much of the dialogue.

Three exceptions may be made—the sharp-tongued governess of Miss Margot Boyd, the enigmatic lover of Mr. Laurence Hardy and the vigorous heroine of Miss Ann Firbank. And Mr. Hubert Gregg, as producer, really should have done something about scenery that begins by seeming to choke the play and ends by cruelly exposing its artifice.



Goat Derby in Guiana

REPORT & PICTURES BY ANNE BOLTON

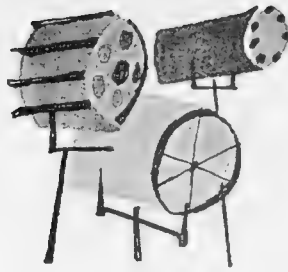
AN ARGUMENT BETWEEN GOAT BREEDERS 50 years ago started British Guiana's sport of goat racing which now runs to four three-day meetings a year in Georgetown. Turf rules are strict. The Goat Racing Association (formed in 1951) bans whips and the jockeys who race alongside holding the reins must wear soft-soled plimsolls in case they should be tempted to hurry a goat along with a helpful kick. A Goat Derby will draw a crowd of 5,000 but the entrance fee to the course is only 6d. so the Association never gets rich and most of the prizes are presented by local sportsmen or firms. All bets are on the Tote and most are counted in pennies. Jockeys wear owners' colours and receive a percentage of prize-money. Many are local athletes who find it an amusing and profitable way to keep in training. It's cheap enough to be a racing owner. A full-grown animal costs around £2 and you can buy a kid for ten shillings. By the same token you can't expect to win much, though few races end as disastrously as the first organized meeting when a goat bolted off the track and hid behind the flowing Edwardian skirts of the Governor's lady. The jockey was so ashamed that he dashed off in the opposite direction and stayed out of town for three days.



It is as much an ordeal for the jockey as the goat but there's a welcome after the race (above, left) from fans in the unsaddling enclosure or perhaps an argument later still with disappointed punters who placed their bets (left) at the Tote. Bookmakers are barred

CINEMA

by Elspeth Grant



A big bang at the bank

AT HEART, IT MUST BE CONFESSED, I am a bank robber—but aren't we all? Few things in the cinema give me so much pleasure as to see a daring coup meticulously planned and boldly executed, netting an ingenious and hardy mob a cool (or perhaps more accurately, a "hot") million—and nobody any the worse off except some old bank. *The League Of Gentlemen*, therefore, is just the job for me—and for you, too. I'll wager.

Produced by Mr. Michael Relph and directed by Mr. Basil Dearden (who were responsible for the award-winning *Sapphire*), it offers an excellent screenplay by Mr. Bryan Forbes (who scripted *The Angry Silence*) and first-rate acting from a distinguished cast headed by Mr. Jack Hawkins and Mr. Richard Attenborough.

These five are all directors of *Art & Film Makers*—an enterprising "do-it-yourself" concern, formed last autumn, which I think will prove that, contrary to popular belief, actors often *do* know what's best for themselves and that the gentlemen who control the cinema circuits are by no means necessarily the right people to dictate what films shall or shall not be made. I most heartily congratulate the company on its first film—and wish it every success.

Mr. Jack Hawkins is splendid in the leading rôle—as an ex-lieutenant colonel, embittered by being declared redundant after 25 years of soldiering. A bank robbery seems to him a suitable revenge to take upon

society, which has treated him so shabbily. Methodically he goes about his preparations for the great scoop—and in a highly entertaining though scarcely ethical fashion, he enlists the aid of seven somewhat shady characters, all ex-Service men and each possessed of specialized knowledge which will come in handy when Operation Golden Fleece is staged. (If this reminds you a little of *Seven Thieves*, pay no heed: from here on, the story bears no resemblance to any other and is infinitely more consistently exciting than most.)

The gang is installed at Mr. Hawkins's country house, racy Mr. Nigel Patrick is appointed his right-hand man—and he and the others are carefully briefed. Phase I of the operation involves the stealing of necessary arms and explosives from an army supply depot—by a ruse that is as thrilling as it is hilarious. Phase II is the bank robbery itself—a wonderfully elaborate, tense and tingling business, carried out with military precision: it will leave you gasping with admiration—and sweating slightly, I shouldn't wonder.

There are fine performances from all the players, including Messrs. Roger Livesey, Kieron Moore, Terence Alexander, Norman Bird (in his first film rôle), David Lodge and Bryan Forbes (I hope somebody will let this brilliant young man direct a film one day)—and a gloriously funny one from Mr. Robert Coote. Here is a picture you really must not miss.

Mr. Walt Disney's *Toby Tyler* can safely be described as "a family film"—all aglow with golden hearts. It is about a nice little orphan boy (Master Kevin Corcoran) who, feeling he's a burden to his poor relations, runs away to join the circus. His first job is as assistant to the lemonade and peanuts concessionaire (Mr. Bob Sweeney)—whose heart, it was refreshing to find, is rather of brass than of gold.

He has a hard time to begin with but is soon befriended by the Strong Man (Mr. Henry Calvin) and a cosy clown (Mr. Gene Sheldon)—and adopted by a naughty chimpanzee called Mr. Stubbs.

By the time Master Corcoran has blossomed out into an accomplished bare-back rider—partnered by a frightfully knowing little girl (Miss Barbara Beaird)—everybody, but everybody, loves him. The kids will adore this film—especially as Mr. Disney, who usually doesn't seem to mind shocking the tots, has gone a bit golden-hearted himself: you can tell your tiny ones not to weep when Mr. Stubbs appears to be shot dead—he's all right, really, and turns up at the end alive and kicking and as naughty as ever.

M. Jean Renoir's *Lunch On The Grass* is, I suspect, just his little joke—an airy, inconsequential comedy in a country setting of great beauty. At a picnic a pompous biologist (M. Paul Meurisse) intends to announce his engagement to a countess (Mlle. Ingrid Nordine) who is chief of the Inter-European Girl Guide movement, representatives of which are present.

The biologist is an expert on artificial insemination, a subject on which he holds forth learnedly. The music of a mysterious old shepherd's pipe throws the circumspect party into a state of amorous confusion—and it is left to a pretty peasant girl (Mlle. Catherine Rouvel) to persuade the biologist that while artificial insemination may be a good idea, there's a lot to be said for the old-fashioned method.

Mr. Michael Powell's *Peeping*

Tom is an exercise in sadism of which I cannot think without nausea. As a result of a childhood made hideous by his father, a film cameraman (Herr Carl Boehm) has developed into an insane killer, obsessed with the idea of photographing the fear on the faces of his victims in their death agony. Miss Anna Massey (a sympathetic girl), Miss Maxine Audley (blind and blind drunk) and Miss Moira Shearer (a victim) are, poor dears, mixed up in this beastly piece. Perhaps the most horrifying thing about it is that Mr. Powell has cast himself as the evil father—and has made his own small son play the boy he terrifies into madness.



NO COMPROMISE. Top: Dolly (Kay Kendall) prepares to defend her newly-found spinsterdom against her erstwhile husband Victor (above) played by Yul Brynner. From the film *Once More, With Feeling!* reviewed by Elspeth Grant last week



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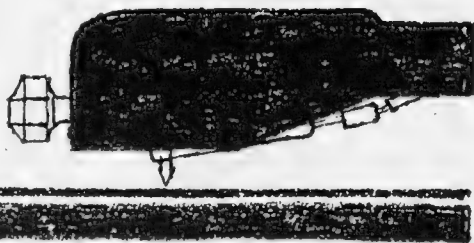
HARMONIE for a daytime magnolia
finish to your skin

LANCÔME

RECORDS

by

Gerald Lascelles



High tide in the mainstream

LAST WEEK I MENTIONED THE mainstream jazz, recorded in America under the supervision of those two stalwart Englishmen, Albert McCarthy and Stanley Dance. The two latest albums in Dance's Felsted series are now in the shops, representing a singular triumph in jazz presentation. The first is an Ellington satellite group, led by his arranger Billy Strayhorn at the piano, titled *Cue for saxophone* (SJA2008). Not unnaturally the basic sound is Duke-ish, with all the featured soloists members of that great band.

Contractual commitments have forced Johnny Hodges to appear

under the alias of "Cue Porter," but his music sounds just as superb as ever. In fact the whole session is his, with Jackson, Baker, and Procope taking second honours. The mainstream idiom, however, does not lay so much emphasis on solos, and the overall result is a series of rousing ensemble choruses, sometimes played with tongues in cheeks, as in the opening of *You brought a new kind of love*. If form and elegance count for anything in jazz, which I believe they do, this album represents a new high level of thought and construction in the development of the mainstream.

Mr. Dance's second epic (SJA 2009) brings back to the studio that remarkable quartet of trombonists, Dicky Wells, Vic Dickenson, Benny Morton and George Matthews, who appeared on some tracks of an earlier LP, *Bones for the king*. Theirs is a harsher, more boisterous form of music, but still much in the same basic style. You will notice particularly the subtle use of organ in place of piano on some tracks to vary the tone colour, and the striking guitar work of Kenny Burrell.

Four themes are Wells' originals, varying from a low-down blues, *Heavy duty*, to a flippant *Girl hunt*. This sort of jazz is a sample of the best that is being played today; it is more real and solid than the modern equivalent, more revealing and informative than the oft-repeated traditional formula. Dicky proves that his years with Basie were not wasted, and his spontaneous swing is something to boast about.

Five saxophonists, Young, Quinichette, Webster, Hawkins and Willie Smith, contribute to *Reeds that matter* (MMB12013), where the content is fundamentally mainstream. My own choice falls on the

sublimant whispers of Ben Webster, whose ballads are masterpieces in their own rights, and the ever-attacking Hawkins, who vies with Willie Smith, the only alto player of the five, to produce the most swinging set in this album.

Most of this music was recorded in the immediate post-war period, but I am not illogical in jumping back to the 1937-40 period for yet another typical example of the same brand of jazz. Lionel Hampton made a habit of recording with what are known as "pick-up" groups at this time. The results can be heard in *Open house* (CDN138), where some of the greatest jazz soloists of the thirties are assembled in various units, successfully producing a completely relaxed sound which swings like mad.

I have already sung the praises of the queen of gospel singers, Mahalia Jackson, in this column, so she needs no reintroduction. Suffice it to say that her LP and EP releases on Top Rank are as brilliant as ever—certainly not to be overlooked—with their simple warmth and conviction (30/006 & JKP2038).

BOOKS

by Siriol Hugh-Jones



Sir Stanley makes you listen

BALLERINAS, MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS, lion tamers, poets and other popular and colourful confession-men have in the past afforded us many close glimpses of their lives and times, and no one has been one whit surprised. What is slightly more astonishing is the current wave of interest in the more sober professions—publishing—currently being the favourite (when is Mr. Gollancz going to give us another enthralling instalment?).

The latest autobiography concerned with what the blurb-writers inevitably call "the adventure of publishing" comes from Sir Stanley Unwin, and is fearlessly called *The Truth About a Publisher*. Brisk, confident, breathing energy and zeal, with money and take-over bids rippling up and down the pages, the book rattles along in a spry and vigorous, not to say bracing tone of voice. Sir Stanley's private life has been "uniformly happy, and that is the last thing

most people in these days seem interested to hear," as the author remarks a touch tartly.

He whizzes round the world, attending conferences, lecturing, broadcasting. He teaches one of his sons German by taking him to Germany for three weeks and resolutely speaking only the language of the country. ("Funnily enough it was I who first needed the dictionary; I didn't know what a grasshopper was in German.") At the beginning of one paragraph he is receiving the Order of the White Lion of Czechoslovakia, and at the end he is an Officer in the Order of Orange Nassau.

Breathless, just a touch daunted, and mentally springing smartly to attention at the top of every page, I stayed with him right to the end, even through the bits about how to write gingering-up letters on all subjects to *The Times*. The book is fully illustrated with pictures of the author looking benign with geishas,

tennis rackets, skates, books, other publishers and, once, inside an impressive garland of flowers in India, 1952. Publishing? Well, it's a great life if you don't weaken.

To pass straight from the tight-the-good-fight, *laborare est orare* climate of Sir Stanley's book to the golden yet somehow chilling sensibility of Bernard Berenson's *The Passionate Sightseer* is to crash the gears of one's startled mind with a nasty wrenching sound. (Maybe one should have sandwiched some soothing unpassionate workaday travel book in between.) "To Ostia, with the last afternoon light of a golden day radiant on the brick walls. What living Claudes, or better still Hubert Roberts, Corots even. . . ." "If the (hotel) room should be of the wrong shape, too high or too low, too narrow, with furniture out of proportion, dusty, grimy, with torn wallpapers, without a reading lamp by the bed, without a wastepaper basket, I know I shall feel utterly miserable in it."

Mr. Berenson is too fine and dandy a travelling companion for me, and makes me feel I should be wearing a nice new pair of white kid gloves for turning over such undeniably magnificent pages. As a handsomely produced picture book, it could hardly be bettered. Somehow, I can't quite live up to the text. The formidable traveller and diarist is profoundly perplexed and disturbed by tourists, who sometimes have nasal voices and can only remember Venice as the town where they bought five-button

gloves. Through 192 pages, I remained an unregenerate tourist, stiff-necked and tousled and without any gloves at all.

Briefly . . . Peter de Polnay, who seems to me to write a swift, smooth, breathtakingly professional book a month, has written a dry-eyed, alarmingly funny account of his bleak and cheerfully appalling childhood, all the more fearful for being written without any rosy glow at all, only a detached ironic clarity. The tearful, timid infant de Polnay, who was beaten by his father whenever they happened to meet, is no hero to his adult self, which makes the whole thing far more painful still. I laughed, but only because Mr. de Polnay won't let you cry. The book is called *The Crack of Dawn*, and should be read carefully by all those whose lives have been uniformly happy.

The Sniper in the Heart by Monica Stirling is a brief throbbing thing about a *coup de foudre* love affair between a passionate camerawoman and a fascinating fortyish gun-runner and idealist in South America. There are lots of childhood memories and an atmosphere of tragic doomed love, and the book is prefaced by a letter to the dead heroine's daughter (yes, indeed, she dies in childbirth, the hero having already gone before.) The heroine's mother was a great singer whose emotions enhanced one's sense of the heart's possibilities. In spite of the good, clear, sharp writing, my heart stonily refused to entertain any possibilities at all.

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GALLERIES

by Alan
Roberts

Turning point in 1910

THE ART HISTORIAN OF A.D. 2000, scratching his head as he looks back in search of the turning points in the history of British art, will count 1910 a red-letter year.

Public taste, lagging far behind that on the Continent, had reached a new low during the Edwardian period. Alma Tadema was still Everyman's idea of a great painter, and the powerful influence exercised by the Royal Academy looked like keeping things that way for ever.

Yet, for serious artists, this was an exciting time. New and startling ideas from across the Channel filled Camden Town and the Euston Road with the sound of tearing canvas as, one after another, young painters destroyed their old work and began to experiment on new lines. And at the end of the year, as if in

answer to their unspoken prayers, the first exhibition of Post-Impressionism to reach London opened at the Grafton Galleries.

Pictures by Cezanne, Manet, Gauguin, Matisse, Van Gogh, Rouault, Picasso, Vlaminck and others, hit the public in the eye and provoked a sustained outburst of derisive laughter. Professors of painting and hidebound critics, personally affronted by what they saw, charged from the gallery on their high horses convinced of their duty to expose a hoax.

It was into this sort of diehard criticism and popular ignorance that the Contemporary Art Society was born the same year.

To date the Society, which gets its income solely from members' subscriptions and from gifts, has presented over 2,000 works to public

galleries in Great Britain and the Commonwealth. How remarkable this record is can be seen at the Tate Gallery, where about one-tenth of the gifts have been borrowed back from their owners for the exhibition celebrating the C.A.S. golden jubilee.

Suddenly one realises, when confronted with familiar pictures like Rouault's *La Mariée* (called *Aunt Sallys* in the catalogue), Picasso's early *Flowers*, Bonnard's *The bath*, John's *Smiling woman* and Sickert's *Ennui*—all of them permanently in the Tate—how much for granted we have taken the Society's altruism.

And finding here things like Francis Bacon's *Magdalene* on loan from Bagshaw Art Gallery, Batley, David Bomberg's *Toledo*, from the Municipal Art Gallery, Oldham, and Henry Moore's bronze *Mother and child in ladderback chair* from the Ferens Art Gallery, Kingston-upon-Hull, one begins to appreciate for the first time how widespread the Society's influence upon popular taste has been.

Its extent is undoubtedly out of all proportion to the C.A.S. membership which even today, when it is greater than it has ever been before, is only 2,400. One of the results of the present exhibition, it is hoped, will be a considerable increase in this number. Membership costs only one guinea a year.

A few days are still left in which to visit the fantastic Epstein Collection of primitive and exotic sculpture whose variety and extent throw a rare sidelight on the depth and breadth of character of the great sculptor who spent a lifetime surrounding himself with them; not, as others might have done, with one eye on their value as investments, but solely for the pleasure of looking at and handling them, and cultivating a feeling of affinity with the unknown artists.

Quite clearly the inspiration Sir Jacob drew from these sculptures is a much more profound and complicated thing than can be deduced from tagging "Egyptian," "African" and "Easter Island" labels on to *Night*, *Genesis* and *Ecce Homo*.

Only a few days are left, too, in which to see the so-called West Coast Hard Edge show at the I.C.A. But don't let it worry you.

This is a small display of arid geometrical abstractions by four Californian painters who style themselves portentously "Abstract Classicists." The catalogue contains a piece of double-think in which art critic Jules Langsner tries to convince us (and himself, no doubt) that these paintings, done with the aid of straight-edges and compasses are "essentially classical in concept." If classical means empty then he is right.

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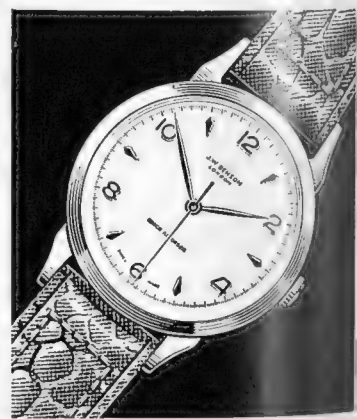
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MOTORING

Anglia on an Alp

by GORDON WILKINS

AFTER THE GENEVA MOTOR SHOW I went up to Verbier, the fast-developing resort in the Valais, to put on skis for the first time in a couple of years and was quickly reminded that a life spent behind desks and steering wheels is a poor sort of preparation for concentrated physical effort at nearly 8,000 feet above sea level.

But if humans get short of breath when suddenly asked to work hard at high altitudes, so do cars. Verbier is approached from Martigny up the road to the Col St. Bernard. Suddenly you turn left out of the river valley and ascend 2,400 feet up the face of a mountain through 15 hairpin bends and innumerable lesser corners. As you turn the last corner, there is the village in the centre of a great amphitheatre of snow-covered mountains.

By the time you have reached 5,000 feet, where the ski lifts and

teleferiques begin, a car engine has already lost 12 per cent of the power it had at the Channel coast, but one does not notice it particularly because all cars are affected equally. Despite the loss of power, the Ford Anglia I was using romped up the climb, though it was carrying a heavy load of luggage and practically every accessory and extra in the boot. Its quick, light steering took it round the hairpins in one sweep and the new four-speed gearbox proved a great advantage. I was using bottom gear to pull away out of the hairpins; it was not strictly necessary, but it was amusing to pull away from more powerful cars.

However, one does need to use the gearbox more frequently with this new over-square o.h.v. engine than with the old side-valve unit. It will not pull away satisfactorily in top from below 20 m.p.h., but third is an admirable gear in which one can top 60 m.p.h., and the engine is quite uncannily quiet and smooth when cruising along at 65-70 m.p.h. On the long main roads of France, I found I was repeatedly covering over 50 miles in an hour without trying to hurry at all.

Riding comfort and road holding also reach a remarkably high level, achieving results which are quite surprising to some enthusiasts who have come to believe that indepen-

dent rear suspension is the only answer on a small, light car.

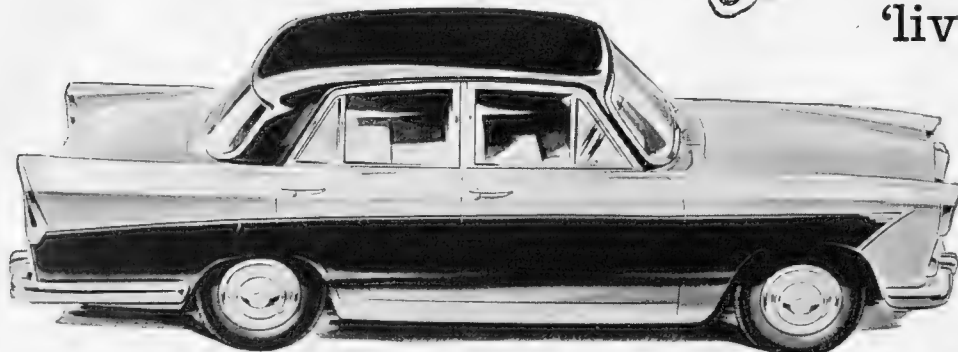
The Anglia was a perfect example of what one might call the manufacturer's approach to modifications. The extras on it included two spot and two reversing lamps, heater, radio, seat covers, wheel discs and medallions, twin wing mirrors, bumper over-riders, screen washer, lighter, and extra mats. All this can add £65 or so to the cost of the car, or more if one orders them all at the same time as the car (when they all carry purchase-tax) instead of fitting them afterwards, when some of them escape tax.

At Verbier I also encountered an example of another approach to modifications, that of the specialist, when Michael Christie, managing director of Alexander Engineering, turned up in an Alexander Hillman Minx in which he had just covered 120 miles in 99 minutes while coming down the autobahn from Stuttgart and Frankfurt. On a car of this kind there is little to see beyond a coloured flash on the side and some new wheel discs. The important additions are mechanical; modified cylinder head with higher compression ratio, new inlet and exhaust manifolds, two S.U. carburettors, a Laycock de Normanville overdrive to reduce engine revs by a third while cruising fast, and so save fuel, vacuum servo brakes with

anti-fade linings to cope with the extra performance, and special De Carbon shock absorbers as used by Mercedes-Benz and Facel for extra endurance when travelling fast. Engine modifications and fitting charges run to £60 or so, overdrive another £80 and brake modifications about £24. With various other improvements, one can spend £180-£200 on a transformation of this kind.

The result is an innocent-looking car with a really surprising performance, which can be fully employed without running into the limits of braking or road holding, and, thanks to the overdrive, without an embarrassing increase in fuel consumption. On the speedometer I saw an indicated 40 m.p.h. in second gear, 65 in third, and I reached an indicated 80 in overdrive third, with two more gears still in hand. I believe maximum in overdrive top is about 90 m.p.h. Nor is the engine so highly tuned as to be inflexible. It would pull away from mountain hairpins quite smartly in direct third; indeed third and overdrive third make an ideal combination for mountain motoring. As for the brakes, I slowed from 60 to 10 m.p.h. nine times in quick succession without producing any sign of fade, a test which on some touring cars produces a sharp loss of braking power even in this day and age.

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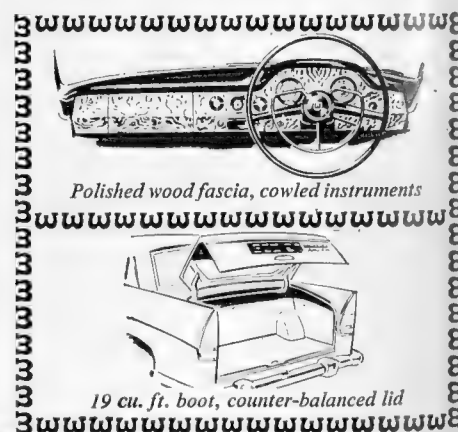


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DINING IN



Expertise with asparagus

by HELEN BURKE

SO WONDERFUL IS FRESHLY-CUT asparagus that anyone with a garden of suitable soil might well sacrifice some other vegetable plot in order to grow it. Because of the sandy nature of the soil in which it grows asparagus can be extremely gritty, so special attention must be paid to cleaning. Well wash the shoots and cut them into uniform lengths, just above where the woody part begins. In the case of some shoots where the scales are very large, it is well to hold them under the running cold-water tap and gently raise the scales with the tip of a narrow-pointed knife to make sure that any sand is washed from them. Some people scrape the lower part of the shoots, but I do not like to do this.

The asparagus should be tied in bundles, which are then easily handled without damage to the shoots.

Much has been written about the cooking of asparagus. Some place the shoots flat in a pan; others have them standing upright. Cadec of Greek Street sells a special asparagus pan, complete with wire basket. The pan is of small diameter but tall enough to contain the longest shoots standing up in it. This allows the tips to stand clear of the salted boiling water so that they steam-cook. The advantage of this method is that the tips, standing above the water, are cooked at a lower rate than the stems standing in it.

The chief drawback about the other way of cooking asparagus—that is, tied in bundles lying flat in the pan—is that the tips so easily become overcooked while the remainder of the shoots may not be cooked quite enough. The tips then fall off and the flavour and appearance of the asparagus are ruined.

To cook asparagus: Prepare the shoots as above and tie them into bundles. Boil them for from 10 to 15 minutes, according to their thickness. Drain well. Remove the cotton or other binding and serve hot on a napkin in a longish dish.

Melted butter is, perhaps, the best "sauce" for asparagus. Pass it separately in a gravy boat. Or serve the asparagus, hot, with *beurre noisette*, which is simply butter

cooked to the stage which produces that pleasant aroma of roasted nuts.

For *Asparagus Milanaise*, sprinkle the well drained hot cooked tips with grated Parmesan and pour *beurre noisette* over them. Slip the dish under the grill or place it in a hot oven for three minutes to brown the surface. Either way is all right, but beware of spoiling the asparagus by overheating it.

Mayonnaise is the usual accompaniment of cold cooked asparagus. Place the yolks of two eggs in a bowl with a little salt and a few grains of Cayenne pepper. Then, drop by drop, add about six tablespoons of olive oil, stirring rapidly all the time, when the mixture should be thickening. At this point, add a few drops of tarragon or plain white wine, vinegar or lemon juice and continue to stir. Continue adding olive oil, in a thin steady stream this time, stirring rapidly until a good breakfastful has been used. Now for something a little unorthodox: Whip one egg white very stiff and fold it in. This makes a lighter, less firm mayonnaise and is also economical.

Maltese sauce is still another one to serve with asparagus. While the asparagus is cooking, make it this way: Pour a tablespoon of white wine vinegar and a little freshly milled pepper into a small saucepan and simmer until reduced by half. Leave to cool. Add 3 beaten egg yolks and 3 oz. butter, cut in small pieces. Stand the pan in a larger one containing not quite boiling water and whisk briskly. As the sauce thickens, splash a teaspoon or so of cold water into it. Add a further ounce of butter, cut in small pieces, then the juice and half a teaspoon of the grated rind of a small orange (preferably a blood one).

Some people like a vinaigrette sauce with cold cooked asparagus.

The cheapest of all asparagus is sprue—that is, very thin shoots. Treat them in exactly the same way as you would the thicker ones, but cook them for a correspondingly less time. Use cooked sprue as a vegetable garnish, as a stuffing for omelets or for Cream of Asparagus soup.



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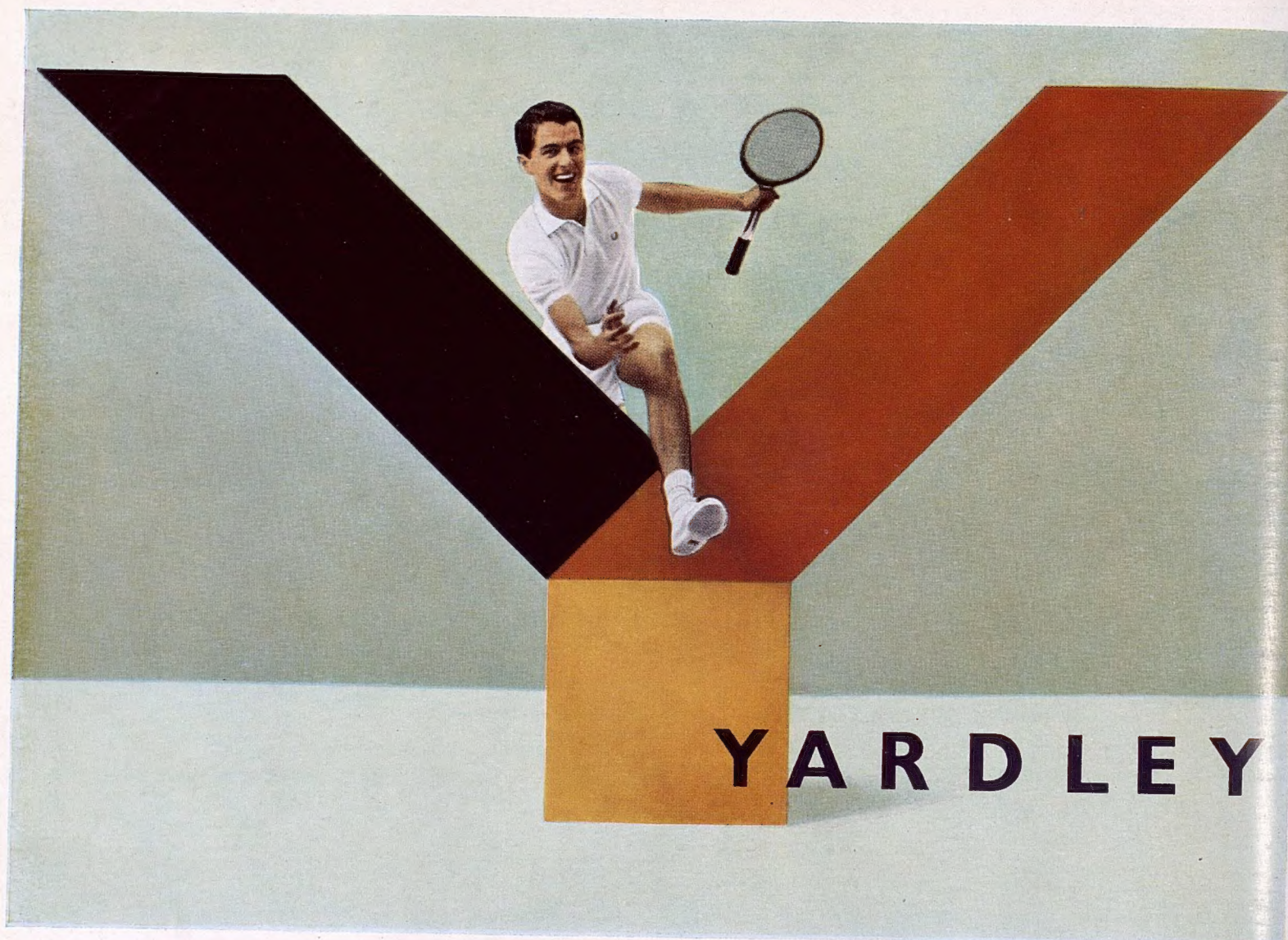
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